

THE STORY OF "COLUMBIA'S" VICTORY TOLD IN SUPERB PICTURES.
THE GREAT ENDEAVOR GATHERING AT DETROIT ILLUSTRATED.

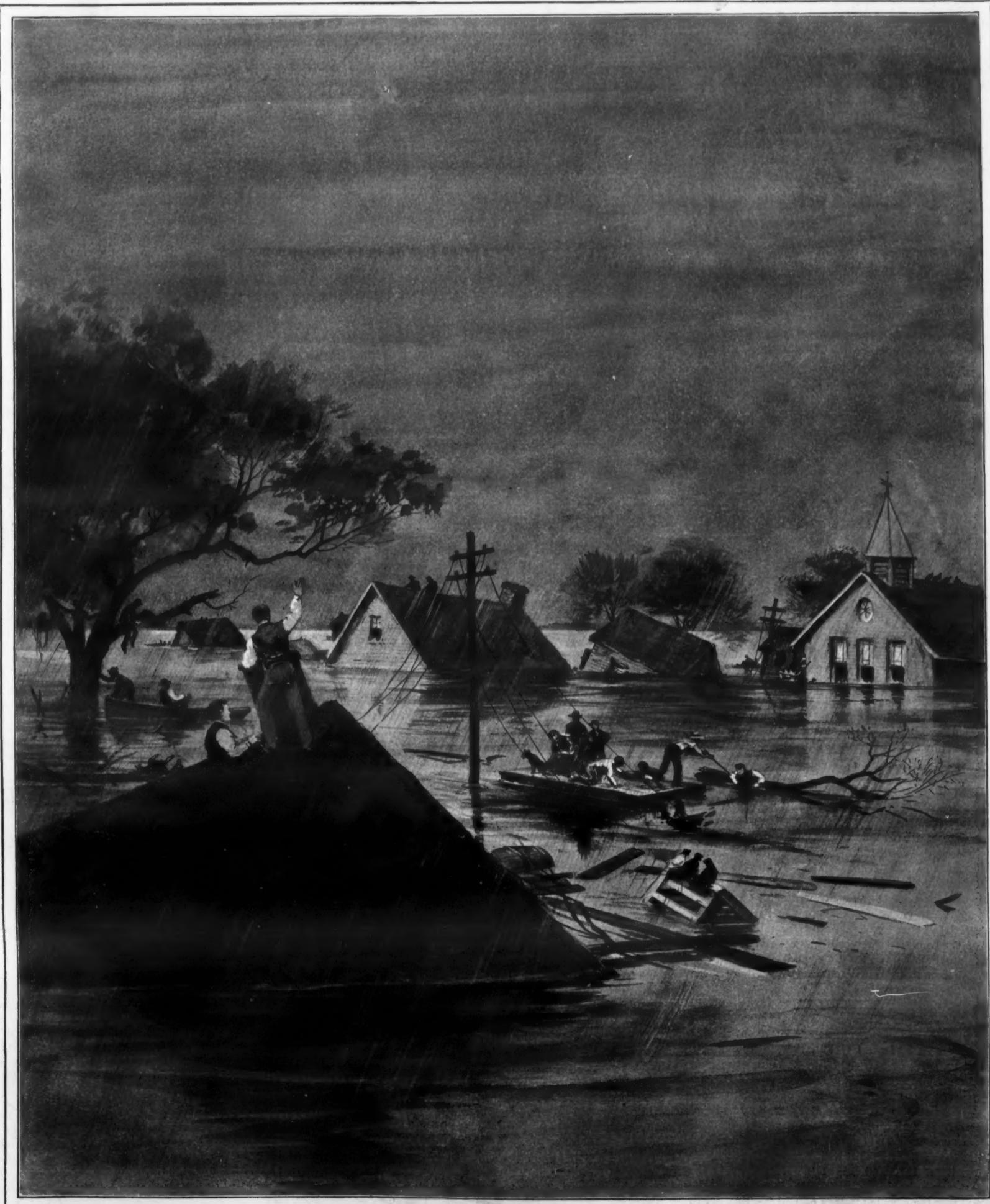
LESLIE'S WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

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THE FRIGHTFUL FLOOD WHICH HAS DEVASTATED SOUTH TEXAS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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EVERYBODY is interested in Admiral Dewey's home-coming; in mid-summer sports; in the great yacht-race for the international cup; in the war in the Philippines; and in all the great events that are crowding history's pages just now. Our special artists and photographers will picture Admiral Dewey's magnificent welcome home and the exciting incidents of the great international yacht-race as skillfully and satisfactorily as they have been and are doing their work in the Philippines and elsewhere. To read about these things is one thing; to see great events, incidents, and personages beautifully pictured is another. In this midsummer season, when you have leisure, when you seek entertainment and recreation, do not forget that *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* will add to your solid comfort. We make this special midsummer offer: We will send *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, the subscription price of which is four dollars per year, to trial subscribers from the date of subscription until the 15th of November for one dollar to any address in the United States. Let it follow you to your summer home, no matter where you may be. Remit one dollar to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Troubles of Cabinet Officers.

SECRETARY ALGER is far from being the first Cabinet officer who has found his position embarrassing. Jefferson, in his diary, referring to the controversies between himself, as Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Washington, and Alexander Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury remarked that "we were pitted against each other like two fighting cocks." This condition soon constrained Jefferson to resign, and Hamilton did not remain long after him. Some of the scenes between the first President Adams on the one side and Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State, Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, and James McHenry, Secretary of War, on the other, one of which is given to the world in a letter by McHenry, were picturesque in their tempestuousness, and led to the retirement of all three of them.

Everybody remembers the story of how Jackson, in 1832, said he would hang Calhoun, then Vice-President, higher than Haman, if South Carolina's nullification in that year carried her into rebellion. There were several men in Jackson's Cabinet around the same time for whom Jackson, for a much smaller offense than Calhoun's, had about the same sort of a feeling. One of these was William J. Duane, Secretary of the Treasury, who refused to obey Jackson's request to remove the government deposits out of the United States Bank, which Jackson was fighting at that time, and who was himself removed by Jackson in consequence. Others were Samuel J. Ingham, an earlier Secretary of the Treasury than Duane; John Branch, Secretary of the Navy, and John McP. Berrien, Attorney-General. The wives of these three, like Calhoun's wife, refused to "recognize" Mrs. Eaton, the wife of the Secretary of War, who was a particularly close friend of Jackson's.

Martin Van Buren, the Secretary of State, had no wife—he was a widower—and consequently was free to extend social attentions to Mrs. Eaton, which he did with his accustomed grace and delicacy, and thus won the everlasting friendship of Jackson. He was substituted for Calhoun as Jackson's political heir, and went to the Presidency on Jackson's retirement. Ingham, Branch, and Berrien were sent out of the Cabinet and went over to the Whigs. The affair got into politics for the time, and the Democratic party was shaken to its centre. This episode, which was one of the most absurd "incidents" in American politics, was called by the wags of the day the "Peggy O'Neill war," O'Neill having been Mrs. Eaton's maiden name.

All of President Tyler's Cabinet except the Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, resigned in 1841 because Tyler, as they said, "betrayed his party" by his refusal to sign the bill to restore the United States Bank, which Jackson had killed. The accusation was absurd, of course, because the Whigs, who elected Harrison and Tyler, had made no declaration on the bank question in the campaign of 1840, or on any other issue. The quarrel between President and Cabinet put the country against their party in the Congressional elections of 1842, and helped to defeat them in the Presidential election of 1844.

"Stick," was the laconic message of Charles Sumner to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, during the contest between Stanton and President Johnson. Stanton "stuck,"

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and the wrangle between them was one of the causes of the impeachment proceedings against Johnson. The Blaine Conkling feud, when Blaine, in 1881, was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Garfield, split the Republican party in the State of New York, weakened it in every State, and was the cause of its defeat in the Congressional election of 1882 and the Presidential election of 1884. The abrupt resignation of Mr. Blaine from Harrison's Cabinet in 1892, on the eve of the Republican National Convention's meeting at Minneapolis, was generally attributed to Mrs. Blaine's influence over her husband, who was then a very sick man. It was the most sensational episode of General Harrison's administration, and did no one any good. The troubles of Secretary Alger have been only zephyrs compared with the cyclones in which some preceding Cabinet officers figured.

Hail, "Columbia"!

HER keel was laid at Bristol,
Where torpedo-boats are born,
And her glorious sails were woven
From the highest clouds of morn.
Once Canonicet lost an arrow
Hunting in a lonely spot.
And they took it for the bowsprit
Of the yacht
Columbia.

When she shakes to wind and weather
Snowy sheet and straining stay,
And her boom is gayly spinning
Rainbows of the silver spray,
She will wear the saucy *Shamrock*
In the canvas of her coat,
And the cup will brim in honor
Of our boat
Columbia.

MINNA IRVING.

The Anglo-Saxon and the Jew.

IT is a fact, the significance of which cannot be overlooked, that while anti-Jewish prejudice still exists in a virulent and actively offensive form in Russia, Austria, France, and other parts of continental Europe, in America and throughout England and her dependencies the swing of the pendulum is the other way. While the Jew-baiters are concocting new schemes in Odessa and Vienna, and anti-Semites like Dumont and his followers are shrieking for blood and pillage in Paris, in our Anglo-Saxon world the Hebrew and the Christian are holding conferences, such as the recent one at Westbourn Park, England, and more recently in New York for the purpose of considering the promotion of the many interests religious, educational, and philanthropic, in which they touch each other more and more closely and have the same general aims in view. An event also significant, as it shows the presence of this better feeling between the representatives of these two great forms of faith, was the participation, recently, at the dedication of a synagogue in a neighboring city, of several prominent Christian clergymen. Such an event would be inconceivable at the present time in any part of the European continent.

When Herr Rabel, the rabid anti-Semite, came here from Germany a few years ago for the purpose of haranguing the American people on his favorite topic, he met with such a chilly reception that he soon found it expedient to betake himself back across the sea. Even his great notoriety as a Jew-hater and a leader of the anti Semite rabble in Germany was not sufficient to attract a handful of people to hear him in any city in America. He found absolutely no sympathizers in America, nor did he have any better success in England, which he visited about the same time. This growth of a more just and kindly feeling between the Anglo-Saxon and his Jewish fellow-citizen may be ascribed to several things.

A large part of it is due, no doubt, to the love of justice and fair play inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race. With them the old-time prejudice and hatred born of ignorance and fostered by religious fanaticism are fast giving way before an increasing knowledge and recognition of the true and noble qualities of the Hebrew people. Their indomitable energy and industry, their noble philanthropic spirit, and their pre-eminent domestic virtues are beginning here to be appreciated at their true value. The fact is generally acknowledged, in America at least, that no class or race of people have a family life so near the ideal, and none make such wise and generous provision for their poor and dependent ones as the Jews. These are qualities which compel respect and admiration among men of real intelligence and true humanity the world over; in America they are fast breaking down the wall of separation which centuries of unreasoning bigotry threw around the descendants of Abraham.

The Jews were hardly recognized as a factor in American life fifty years ago. Now they are a large and influential element in our politics, literature, science, and art, and especially in our humanities. Anti-Semitism can never take root in American soil. It can find none of the conditions here favorable to its growth.

Revival of a Great Industry.

IT was generally predicted that one of the resultant benefits of our war with Spain would be a revival of the American ship-

ping industry. That war demonstrated as nothing else has ever done the superior character of American built vessels for purposes both of war and peace. Our new colonial possessions have also been expected to give a great impetus in this same direction. The American Blue Book of American Shipping for 1899 shows that these predictions have been more than fulfilled. As a matter of course, the war itself made a large and imperative demand for vessels of all kinds, from dispatch boats to armored cruisers, but beyond supplying these, our ship-yards have a large amount of other work on hand and in prospect.

More than fifty war-vessels for the United States and foreign countries are now in the course of construction in our ship-yards with a value estimated at \$40,000,000, exclusive of armor and armament, and more than 200 merchant vessels of large size valued at \$30,000,000. More than \$6,000,000 will be invested this year in new ship-yards on the Atlantic coast and in improvements to those already established. The yards on the Pacific coast will build as many vessels this year as in any three years heretofore, and the ship-builders on the lakes have vessels under way valued at \$6,000,000. Even New England is busy building wooden vessels of great tonnage, and scores of steam-yachts for pleasure are under construction.

Nothing can more surely indicate a healthful and permanent improvement in the general business interests of the country than facts like these. The growth and prosperity of our shipping trade means growth and prosperity for every industry on land and sea. They mean an increase in American exportations, better prices, and better times all around. It has been our reproach for many years that America has not had its proper share of the carrying trade on the seas. While American exports have been going to many lands in ever-increasing volume they have been carried largely in foreign craft. No reason, in the nature of things, has ever existed for this anomalous and shameful state of things. We have all the necessary material for building the best ships in the world, and the most skilled and competent ship-builders. Instead of being one of the least among the ship-owning nations of the world, we ought to lead them all. And that we will in the near future if we keep up the pace indicated in the Blue Book for 1899.

The Plain Truth.

SUCH a Fourth-of-July celebration as we have just had was never seen before. In fact, no national festival in the history of the world has ever before been celebrated as our glorious Fourth has been this year. Old Glory waved on American possessions half-way around the globe, and all the rest of the earth seemed glad to salute the American flag, in honor of the day. The nations all have learned to respect this country since the war with Spain. They discern that the Fourth of July may become a national holiday the world over before the new century just about to open finishes its course. Eastward and Westward the tide of liberty takes its way.

More than one observant politician is inclined to believe that Admiral Dewey is looked upon by the sagacious leaders of the Democratic party as the most promising candidate for the Presidency next year. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* reports that Mr. Croker, the Tammany leader, before he went to Europe said that Dewey was the only rival in popularity of Colonel Bryan with the masses of the Democracy, and that if the Democratic party had found it expedient to nominate Horace Greeley, there was no reason why it should refuse to take up Admiral Dewey, even if the latter had been affiliated with the Republican party and came from a Republican State. But, after all, this is a matter regarding which Dewey will have something to say. If he wants to be President he has simply to say the word. But will he say it?

A prominent police official has said that there is little conception in the public mind of the enormous amount of blackmail levied on strangers in the city of New York. All sorts of bunco, panel, and other games are worked on unsuspecting and susceptible wealthy visitors, most of whom would pay ten times the loss involved rather than have their indiscretions exposed. It is refreshing to find a man of such prominence in the financial world as Russell Sage meeting an embarrassing situation promptly and courageously, as he did when he recently received a letter warning him that the life of some member of his family was in danger. The document was at once put in the hands of the police, and the writer of it was traced out. He made a statement that he was not seeking money, but that a despondent and half-crazed man had made a threat to kill a millionaire, and the writer believed he ought to warn Mr. Sage. The affair gave unpleasant notoriety to Mr. Sage, but he acted wisely in putting an end to whatever scheme was on foot. Better yet, he set an example which every man of prominence and wealth should follow when he is beset by circumstances that wear a suspicious aspect.

It is difficult to understand how a Republican Legislature and a Republican Governor, pledged to economy, permitted the passage, by the Legislature of New York last winter, of a Tammany Senator's bill, which bids fair to take from one to five million dollars out of the public funds, to repay public officials for the expense incurred in defending themselves from charges of wrong-doing. In numerous instances there was no doubt of the truth of the charges, but sufficient evidence to convict could not be produced. The law applies to all who were not convicted. The lawyers for these parties will naturally make their charges as heavy as possible and the public will have to pay the bill. When a private citizen is unjustly accused and compelled to face a trial, he must foot his bills himself, but the Ahearn bill makes an exception in favor of a public official, though the latter is supported by public funds and has therefore even less claim to extra privileges than a private citizen. In the hurry of legislation, this bill may have escaped the careful scrutiny of Governor Roosevelt, but it is difficult to excuse the fact that it has become a law. The Governor is supposed to be the watch-dog of the treasury and was pledged to defend the tax-payers, especially from the assaults of the sneak in the Legislature. Overburdened as he has been, his task has been difficult, but it is the first time he has not been able, apparently, to master his work. We sincerely trust it will be the last.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—MISS LILLIAN WANAMAKER is the youngest child of the ex-Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, whose large shops are famous, and who is noted for his religious tendencies. Miss Wanamaker is a beautiful society belle, attending balls and dinners, and wearing the costliest gowns. She spends her time both in this country and Europe. She visits her brother, Rodman Wanamaker, in Paris, part of the year. Mr. Rodman Wanamaker married a beautiful French girl, and has lived so long abroad that he is almost a Frenchman. Miss Wanamaker came into prominence a year or two ago through her acquaintance with the brother of the Khedive of Egypt, Prince Mehemet Ali. The prince, who is a strikingly handsome fellow, educated in



MISS WANAMAKER, A PATRIOTIC BELLE.

England, fell deeply in love with Miss Wanamaker, according to the story, and proposed for her hand. Miss Wanamaker has always declared that she would marry none but an American, and she refused the prince, like a patriotic girl.

—A popular London periodical not long ago tried to decide by vote of its readers the twelve most notably good women of the nineteenth century. Naturally enough Queen Victoria received the largest number of votes. Next to the Queen was Florence Nightingale, the famous army nurse, who has recently celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday, and who is to-day an idol of the English people, while the whole world holds her in the highest respect. Possessing many natural accomplishments which were enhanced by the highest education, she turned away from the world of fashion and pleasure to devote her life

FAMOUS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

to hospital work, and particularly to work among the soldiers in army hospitals. She spent ten years training as a nurse, and with a number of volunteer assistants did noble work in England's war with Russia. No one person has done so much to bring about sanitary reforms in the hospitals of England as Florence Nightingale, and the English officials regard her an authority on everything pertaining to hospital work. The Queen has repeatedly shown her high appreciation of Miss Nightingale's work, and to the soldier boys of England she is an uncrowned queen whom they and the people delight to honor.

—It takes a man with a stout heart and a steady hand to make a good surgeon anywhere; but to do good service on a battle-field a surgeon requires even more than this. He must have great personal bravery, for his duties often carry him to the firing-line, where he must do his merciful work in range of the enemy's guns without the authority or the opportunity to fight back. Such a position tests the nerves and tries the soul as nothing else can do. The recent difficulty in Samoa, in which Lieutenants Lansdale and Monaghan, of the *Philadelphia*, lost their lives, furnished a striking illustration of the sterling qualities of the American army-surgeon in the face of sudden danger. Passed-Assistant Surgeon George A. Lung, United States Navy, was one of the party of American and British seamen who were ambushed by the natives on the fatal night of April 1st, 1899. For his bravery and efficiency in that fight, Surgeon Lung has received the special commendation of Admiral Kautz and other officers of the *Philadelphia*, and the thanks of Secretary Long of the Navy Department. The British officers in the fight have also spoken of his conduct in the highest terms. In his report of the affairs to the Navy Department, Admiral Kautz thus referred to Surgeon Lung: "At times when the fire from the concealed natives was the thickest, and at all times by his example, he encouraged the young and



SURGEON GEORGE A. LUNG.

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inexperienced men to the proper performance of duty. On the completion of the work of his profession he assumed command of our blue jackets and marched them to the United States consulate." Surgeon Lung is a native of Canandaigua, New York, a son of the late Rev. A. H. Lung, a well-known Baptist clergyman. He has been in the naval service since 1888. He was with Sampson's squadron in the West Indies during the early part of the Spanish war, but was detached and ordered to the *Philadelphia* on the Pacific station just before the capture of Cervera's fleet.

—Tucked away in quaint Old-World corners we find some of the most odd personages. Such is the great artificial-eye



A. MÜLLER HIPPER, THE FAMOUS ARTIFICIAL-EYE MAKER.

maker and painter, A. Müller Hipper. In quaint Lauscha, in the very heart of old Thuringen's dense forests and high mountains, he sits and works away day in and day out, surrounded by his family, the male members of which are all experts in this delicate work, and have been such since the days of his great-grandfather, who first started the work at Paris, but who, owing to the strong anti-German feeling, was forced to return to his native mountain land. They have grown rich, but lead simple, quiet lives. While the writer sat in front of Mr. Hipper he deftly mixed different colored glasses over his gas-lamp and within a half-hour brought forth a perfect reproduction, in everything but real sight, of the writer's eye. Every year thousands of eyes, made by this Old-World family, find their way to America.

—It is the prevailing impression, fostered by the practices of men like Succi and Dr. Tanner, that in order to endure a long fast a man must absolutely refrain from physical exercise and devote his whole attention to caring for himself. Mr. Milton Rathbun, a merchant of Mount Vernon, New York, has proved that this is a fallacy, so far as it applies to his own case at least. He recently went twenty-eight days without nourishment, without letting up for a moment on the daily routine of his business. Mr. Rathbun is fifty-two years of age, a prosperous and wealthy man, with nothing unusual or cranky in his make-up or ways of life. He fasted simply because he wanted to reduce his weight, fearing that its gradual increase might bring on apoplexy. He succeeded in his efforts. He weighed 210 pounds when he stopped eating; when he resumed at the end of twenty-eight days he tipped the scales at 168 pounds, a loss of forty-two pounds of flesh. A singular fact in Mr. Rathbun's experiment was that after the first twenty-four hours he experienced no sense of hunger at all, and had no unpleasant sensations of any kind. He slept and worked in the regular way, his mind clear and his strength unabated to the end. He drank copiously of water during the period, but took nothing else. When he began to eat again he took only a little food at first, increasing the amount gradually until, with a few days, he was back to his former routine of diet. Mr. Rathbun holds to the theory that the average man eats far more than is necessary for his health or comfort, and that an occasional period of absolute abstention from food for several days is good for the system. This theory certainly has the support of Mr. Rathbun's own practice.

—The marshal of this year's commencement exercises at Dartmouth College was United States Marshal Charles K. Darling, of the district of Massachusetts. Marshal Darling is one of those energetic, pushing young men who won fame, glory, and place out of the Spanish-American war. When President McKinley called for volunteers to free Cuba, Marshal Darling was a major in the famous old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. He proved himself a gallant officer under fire in Porto Rico, and became greatly attached to General Miles, whom he greatly admires as a soldier and a man. When the regiment was mustered out of the service

MARSHAL CHARLES K. DARLING.

Major Darling was named by the President as United States marshal for the Massachusetts district. Recently, on the reorganization of the Sixth Regiment, Major Darling was elected its colonel. Colonel Darling was born in Vermont in 1864, and is greatly interested in the success of the project to erect a memorial hall at Norwich University to Admiral Dewey. Colonel Darling was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1885. For two years he was a cadet at West Point, but owing to ill-health was obliged to leave the military academy. After sev-

eral years of active newspaper work Colonel Darling studied law and was admitted to the Worcester County Bar. Besides performing his duties as United States marshal, Colonel Darling lectures at the Boston University law school on criminal law, is in great demand as a public speaker, and gives much time to the welfare of the Sons of Veterans, of which organization he was the national commander-in-chief a few years ago. Major Darling is also the editor of "Early Laws in Massachusetts."

—Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is not only famous for her powerful novels, but because she is paid more a word than any other woman writer, is a very domestic and charming woman personally. She has a very inviting country house, where she lives in quiet and peace and invites her soul daily. She is very fond of animals, and is especially devoted to her Angora cat, which is of great value, being a prize-winner at many cat shows. Mrs. Ward is shown here on her winter veranda. Mrs. Ward's most famous novel is "Robert Ellsmere," which created a tremendous sensation when it appeared, and which sold with phenomenal rapidity both in England and this country. Two other famous books of hers are "The History of David Grieve" and "Marcella." Mrs. Ward's country house is at Tring, Hertfordshire, and is called "Stocks House." This picture is taken on the veranda of Stocks House.



MRS. WARD, THE FAMOUS NOVELIST.

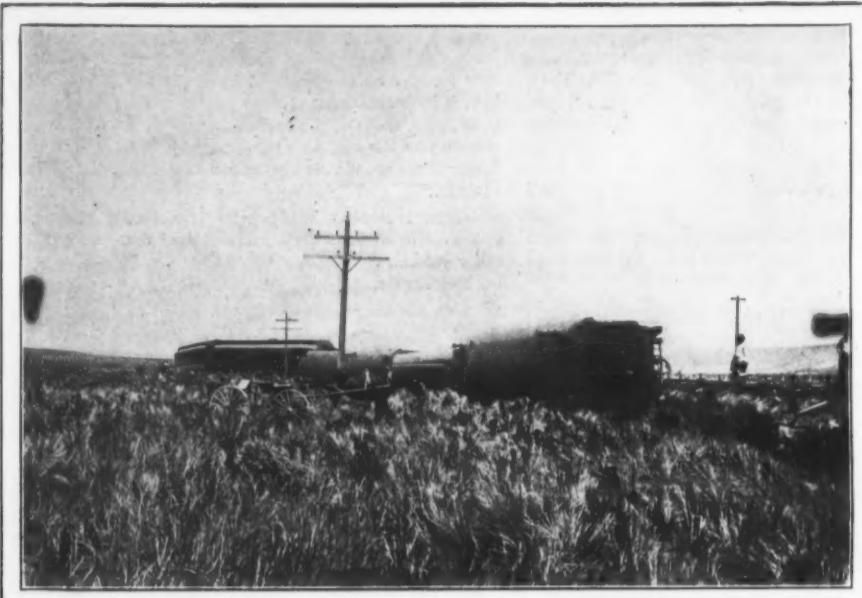
—Colonel Owen Summers, commanding the Second Regiment, Oregon Volunteer Infantry, who has been brevetted a brigadier-general for bravery at San Isidro and other engagements in the Philippines, is a veteran of the Civil War. He joined Company H, Third Illinois Cavalry, in February, 1865, when he was not quite fifteen years old. In the fall of 1865 his regiment was sent against the Sioux Indians. In 1868 General Summers helped to organize the Veteran Guard, of Portland, a company of Oregon militia composed entirely of veterans of the Civil War. While a member of the Oregon Legislature, in 1887, he secured the enactment of a law for the reorganization of the Oregon National Guard. It was due to this law that Oregon's soldiers attained a high state of perfection. General Summers became lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment, under the reorganization, in July, 1887, and colonel in March, 1895. When he was appointed to the command of the Second Oregon on May 7th, 1898, he was United States apraiser at Portland. General Summers was born in Brockville, Canada, June 14th, 1850.

Among the principal delegates to the publishers' conference recently held in England was Mr. George Haven Putnam, of New York. Though both his parents were natives of the United States, he himself was born in London. He did some college work in New York, and afterward studied in Paris and in Göttingen, but although he was subsequently made an M.A. of Bowdoin and a Litt.D. of Pennsylvania, he never completed his university course. For in 1862, when he was eighteen years old, he returned from Germany to enlist in the Northern army. He served until the end of the war, coming out with the rank of major. In 1886 Mr.

Putnam started to reorganize the Publishers' Copyright League, originally instituted in 1837 by his father, and this league, working in co-operation with the Authors' League, was responsible for bringing about the present international copyright system. For these services to literature he received from France the cross of the Legion of Honor. At the conference Mr. Putnam proposed that if two copies of any work of foreign origin were deposited at Washington not later than the date of first publication, the author should have a period of from six to twelve months for securing translation rights in the United States; and this proposal was very favorably received by the continental delegates. He is also a strong supporter of extending the rights conferred upon English authors.



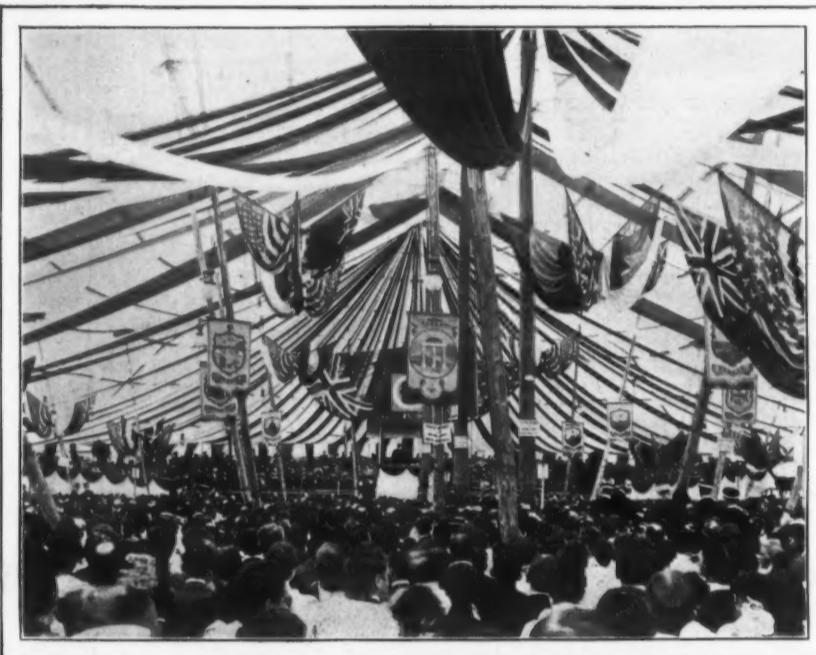
MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.
Photograph by Hollinger.



WRECK OF THE EASTBOUND OVERLAND TRAIN NEAR ELKO, NEVADA, JULY 5TH.
FOURTEEN PASSENGERS SLIGHTLY HURT.—From Frank J. Reckhart, Elko.



OPENING OF THE WATERMELON SEASON.
Photograph by R. and F. Van Benschoten, Hudson, New York.

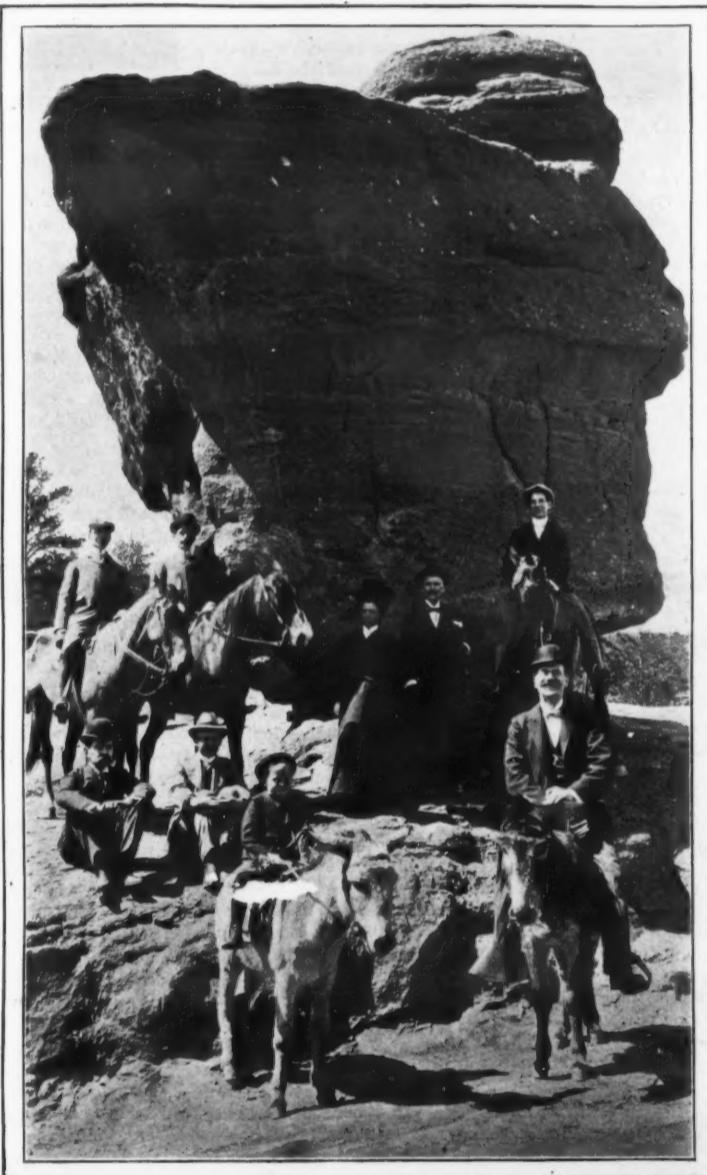


INTERIOR OF TENT "ENDEAVOR," DR. GUNSAULUS PREACHING. (ENTERED FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONTEST PRIZE.)—Photograph by Dr. H. H. Cook, Detroit.
Exposed one second.

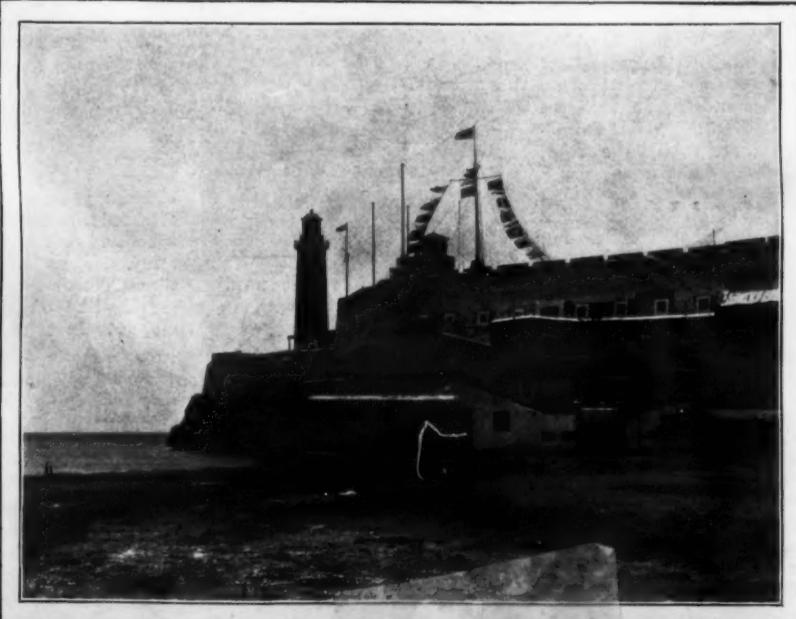
PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photography. Since it began this competition, several years ago, it has been in constant receipt of photographs by amateurs, and many of the latter have asked us to start a new prize competition. We have therefore decided to offer each week a first prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us, and of three dollars for the second best. The competition is to be based on the character of the subject, its originality, and its news feature, as well as upon the work itself. We reproduce this week several photographs submitted by amateurs, all of them excellent in character. Contestants should bear in mind that our preference is decidedly for photographs that illustrate current events of general and widespread importance, and also for unique, original, and singular productions which are not commonly to be found. All of these have a special value for our readers which the commonplace, obviously, has not. All pictures entered for the competition will be accepted only on condition that we shall have the privilege of using them without charge, if we desire to do so. We will, however, return any photograph without publication if specially requested to do so by the sender.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Every photograph should be *carefully and fully titled on the back*, not



"BALANCE ROCK," ONE OF COLORADO'S WONDERS.
From R. E. Lidgerwood, Chicago.



HAVANA'S JOYOUS FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

only with the description of the picture, but also with the name and address, plainly written, of the contestant, and should be addressed: "Amateur Photographic Contest, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York."

Havana's First Celebration of July Fourth.

HAVANA, July 6th, 1899.—The Fourth of July was celebrated this year as no Cuban or Spaniard had ever dared to dream that it would be celebrated in the capital. All elements of the population joined in making it the most glorious Fourth ever known outside the limits of the United States. Cubans and Spaniards vied with each other in doing honor to the stars and stripes. Everywhere throughout the city and on the main roads far out into the country, "Old Glory" waved in triumph. Havana celebrated the day as a great *fiesta*, and there are few cities in the world which know how to celebrate holidays better than Havana. The shops, which never close except on Christmas Day or Good Friday, were shut tight in honor of the natal day of the great American republic.

At noon the guns mounted on the grim walls of Cabanas fortress, overlooking the city, boomed the national salute, and simultaneously all the bells in Havana's towers rang out. The day was spent in jollification and picnicking, not only by the American colony, but by thousands of the natives. At night twenty thousand people filled the parks, while several hundred of prominent Americans, including the highest military officials of the island, dined at a grand banquet given at the Taron Theatre. It was a notable gathering and a memorable event. Major-General John R. Brooke, Governor-General of Cuba, presided, surrounded by a coterie of brilliantly uniformed officers, including Generals Chaffee, Humphrey, Lee, Wilson, and Ludlow, the latter being toast-master.

WILLIAM A. VARTY, JR.



RIGGING THE BIG FLOATING TARGET.

READY TO LAUNCH THE TARGET.

A GUN-CREW OF THE NAVAL RESERVE AT REST.



THE EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP OF OUR BATTLE-SHIPS WHICH THE NAVAL RESERVE BIDS FAIR TO RIVAL.

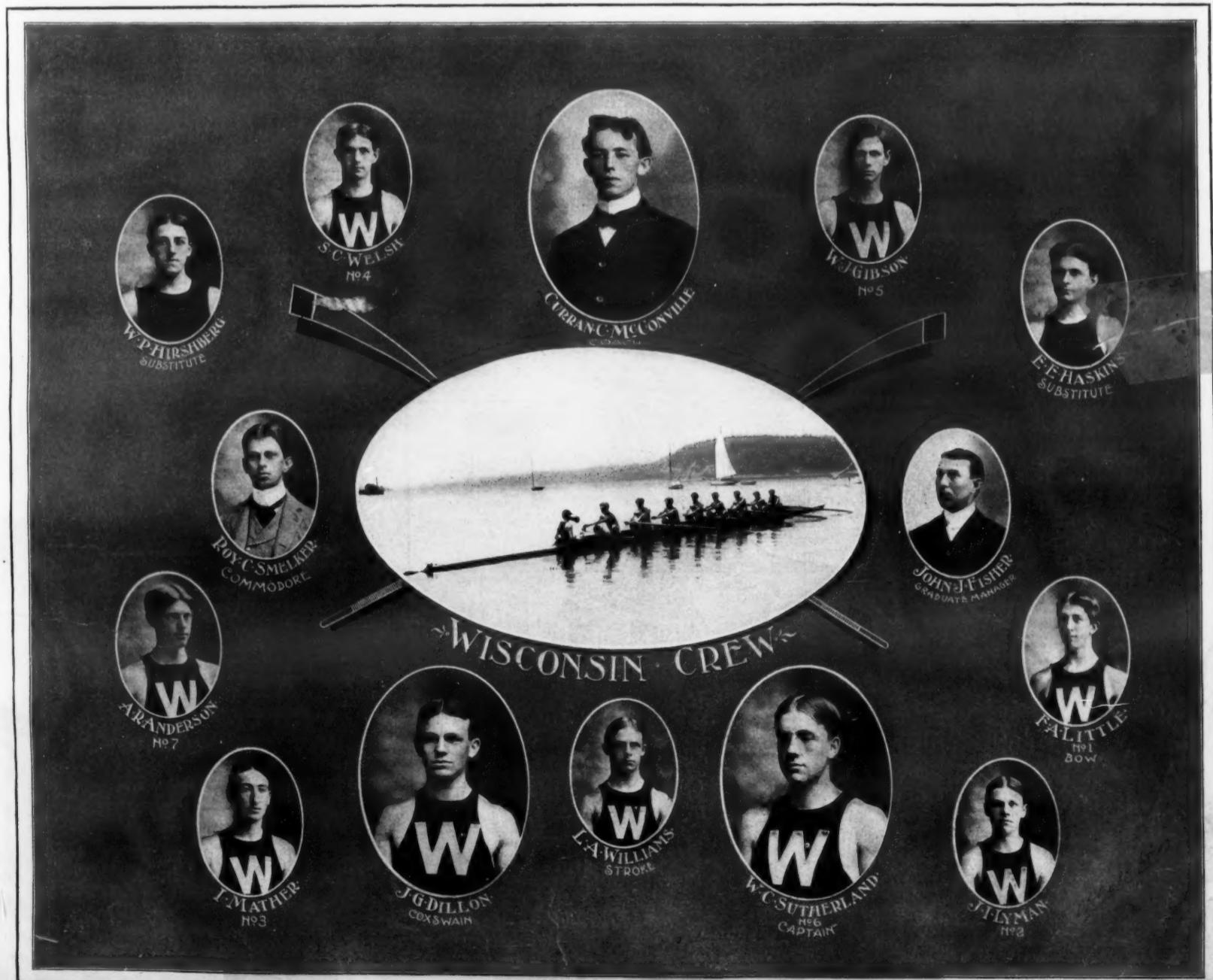
Training Our Naval Reserves.

THE VARIOUS STATE RESERVES NOW BEING GIVEN THE BENEFIT OF PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—HOW THE WORK IS BEING DONE—WHAT THE NAVAL MILITIA MUST PREPARE TO MEET.

The work of the naval militia—or, as more generally termed, the naval reserve organizations of the various States—in the Spanish war, while not of such an active nature as to allow the winning of unfading laurels, was, nevertheless, a demonstration of the valuable service which such organizations could be trained to render in times of need. The immediate result of this demonstration of the latent possibilities of the amateur sailor has been the determination of the Navy Department to devote much more attention than formerly to this branch of the service, and, by a system of practical and thorough training, to equip and qualify the reserves for actual naval warfare.

No better method of carrying out this plan can be imagined than the one adopted and now being executed under the direction of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy—an annual deep-sea cruise of eight days for each of the State organizations, on a ship specially fitted for the work, such cruises to include instruction in all branches of seamanship and gunnery, imparted by and practiced with the officers and men of the regular navy. For these cruises the Navy Department has selected the auxiliary cruiser *Prairie*, formerly the Morgan line freighter *El Sol*—a swift, safe, and commodious steamer, 408 feet long, fifty feet beam, and slightly over 4,000 tons net register. The *Prairie* has been equipped with a formidable battery of eight six-inch breech-loading rifles and six six-pounder rapid-fire guns, and carries a "skeleton crew" of 144 men. The commissioned, warrant,

(Continued on page 70.)



THE FAMOUS "HAYMAKER" CREW WHICH ASTONISHED THE PUBLIC BY ALMOST WINNING THE INTERCOLLEGIATE RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

HOW THE "TUB" WON.

BEING THE NARRATION OF A HUCKSTER WHO WITNESSED A WESTERN YACHT-RACE WHICH POSSESSED SOME UNIQUE FEATURES.

"I AIN'T much of a sailor, and I don't s'pose I'd know a taff-rail from a jibboom if I seen one floatin' in the river," said the huckster, who for the past eighteen or twenty years has been steering a vegetable stand in one of the city markets, "but before I come East I lived in Wisconsin, where the Badger boys that shook up the other rowers at Poughkeepsie the other day git their wind and bottom. I was a farmer-boy, and the town where we sold most of our truck was on a lake about twelve miles long and two wide. It was a pretty good town, with gas-works and a street-car line for summer visitors, and it had a county fair that was the pride of everybody and showed punkins mighty near as big as California pears, measurin' them the way them Californians do. There was a good deal of sailin' on the lake, too, and every year one of the big things of the fair was yacht day, when everybody that had a boat that could run at all could enter it in the race for the prize if they wanted to.

"I used to like a horse-race a good deal better than a boat-race, because it seemed more like gittin' there to see horses run than boats a mile away, and I don't remember much about the races except the one that turned things upside down pretty much like the Badger boys done at Poughkeepsie. There was a rich man in the town, that owned the gas-works and the street-car line, and he wasn't very popular, but he had a taste for water and he always had a boat in the races. His boats always done just like Columbie done at Poughkeepsie, but he didn't git discouraged and always showed up on time. It got to be after the first three years that yacht day was a feature, that the sportin' chaps had a standin' bet of 100 to one that the major's boat—Major Short was his name—would come in last, but latterly they had to raise the odds to 200 to one because people got tired of losin' a dollar tryin' to win a hundred. This kinder worried the major, and for three months before the race I am tellin' of the town had been talkin' about a boat the major was buildin' in his own private shop, with carpenters that had signed papers not to tell a word to anybody about what kind of a boat the new one was goin' to be. All that anybody could find out was that the major had got the idee somewhere that a boat ought to be built to skim over the water like a bird, instid of cuttin' through it like a fish—just like I hear these new yachts are made—and naturally everybody thought the major was gittin' a bigger joke on himself than ever. But they was all curious to see the new boat, and some of the sports that remembered how uncertain things was, got to bettin' two dollars to \$200 on the major's boat, showin' that the major had some friends willin' to pay a dollar extra for the chance to win \$200.

"The major knocked around as usual all this time, sayin' nothin', and bettin' a dollar every time anybody made an offer, just as he had always been doin' and losin' a hundred or so every year. At last the fair come on, and with it yacht day. I come in from the farm like all the other country folks did, and being a bit sporty myself, I give up two dollars of the four I had for a chance to win \$200 on the major's boat. All the mornin' the other boats that was to run in the race was flyin' around as gayly as ducks in a pond, but the major's boat was tied up to the gas-works dock like a log and the outside gates was shut so nobody could git a chance to look at her. There was to be all kinds of races all day long, but the big race was to come off at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the major's boat didn't show up till after three, when she come out and sailed down to the place where the race was to start from. The distance was six miles to a little steamboat to turn on and then back; not much of a race, figurin' on the kind they have here, but the boats was only about thirty feet long or so, and twelve miles seemed a good long ways to people that had been used to measurin' miles by haulin' truck to town over a dirt road.

"As I said, the major's boat didn't show up till after three o'clock, and you ought to 'a' heard the crowd howl and yell when she come down where we could git a good look at her. I wasn't posted on boats, but when I seen what I had risked half my earthly fortune on, I felt as if I had bet my money on a cow in a horse-race. She was more like a wash-tub than a racin'-boat, and she set squat in the water like hen tryin' to cover two settin's of aigs. A horse-trough would have been a model compared with her, and though the major had named her 'The Flying Albatross,' the crowd had her down as 'The Tub' in two minutes after they set eyes on her. I didn't have any more fun after I seen her for givin' over my lost two dollars, and I tried my best to git the man I bet with to take a dollar and let me off, but he only laughed at me and said I was learnin' cheap. The race started on time, with the wind blowin' about fifteen miles an hour, they said, and to make it have a lively wind-up the finish was to be with the wind blowin' straight down the homestretch, so that the start was a good deal whopper-jawed to me, that didn't know anything about sailin' principles.

"All I knew was that before the boats got any distance at all the tub carryin' my money was pluggin' along behind everything else on the track and plowin' up the water like a bull-tongue in a gravel-patch, and I was sick thinkin' about them two dollars. When the turnin' come 'The Tub' was a mile behind everything, but when she got round the post and started for home, the people that was at that end of the run said she seemed to raise right out of the water and begin to bump herself, and before she had gone two miles they said she actu'ly skinned along the water like a bird. One man swore he could see clean under her as she passed the boat he was in, and that she wasn't in the water at all. Anyhow, I know that when the boats come into the head of the homestretch, about three miles up the lake, 'The Tub' was only a boat or two from the front, and when they got near enough and caught all the wind, which had freshened some, she was leadin', and the way she come beat all creation. I never seen anything like it, and I thought a horse-race was tame by the side of the way that boat was putting everything behind her. I got so excited I forgot all about my two dollars, and didn't think of it till the man I

bet with come rushin' up to me lookin' green and white and offerin' me fifty dollars to let him off, which I didn't.

"The crowd was worked up just like I was, and the way they yelled was something to beat a band of Comanches. But 'The Tub' never seemed to take notice of what was goin' on, and attended strickly to business, skimm' right along for the finish, and when she come over the line home she was a mile ahead of everything. The Lord only knows where she would have landed if she had run the whole race like she did the last half of it. Everybody, of course, wanted to shake hands with the major, except them that had bet the big odds against him, but he jumped into a skiff as soon as his boat come in and rowed out to her and went aboard. He took her off some ways, where she seemed to quiet down after her excitement, and squatted back into the water like she was when she started. Then as soon as the judges got through with her the major took her back to his shop and shut her up so's nobody could see her, and everybody was wonderin', but nobody was findin' out anything. People that knew about water crafts said the boat was charmed, or there was a trick or something, but in a couple of days the boat was out on the lake again, and the major let anybody look at her that wanted to, and nobody ever found that she was any different from any other boat, except her shape. He had big offers for her, but he wouldn't sell her, and told everybody that he was goin' to quit racin' and use his boat for pleasure-ridin' entirely. He kept his word, too, until he died about two years afterward, and 'The Tub' was never seen except pokin' along about five miles an hour, if the wind was good and strong, and the major would look at her just as proud and smile just the same as if she was doin' the same thing she done on the day she beat the record.

"When the major died the boat was offered fer sale, and there was a paper went with her describin' the boat and callin' on the workmen to prove what it stated, if necessary. This paper showed that the boat had been built to skim along the water as the major thought was the way, and besides that, she had her insides lined with oiled silk, like is in a balloon, and the mornin' of the race, when the boat was layin' up by the gas-works, the major was havin' her filled with gas. To offset this there was pig-iron hung to her bottom with ropes, and this kept her down in the water till she got to the turn in the race and had straight sailin' home, and then the ropes was cut to let some of the iron go, and she raised in a minute and begun to fly. On the home-stretch more of it had been let go, and she got still lighter and was mighty near clean out of the water when the wind got a real fair pull at her. When the major went out on her after the race was over he let out the gas and let in the water so's to make her sink back again like a tub, and then took her to his shop and had the balloon business tore out and lined her just like any other sailin' boat.

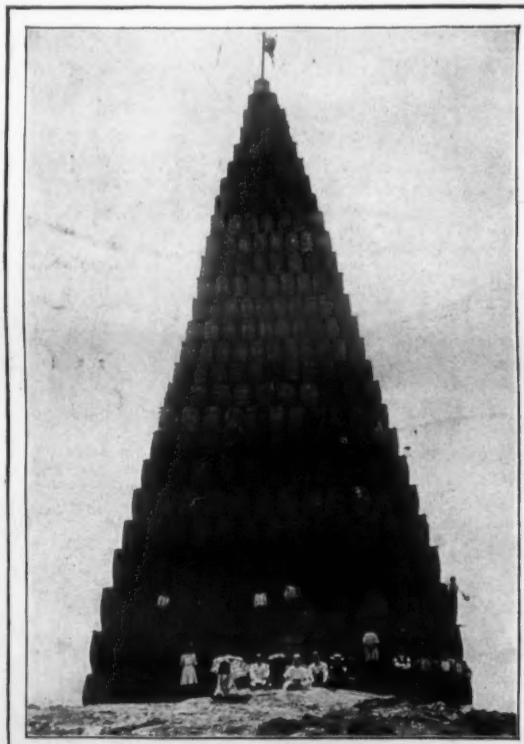
"That was all there was to it, except I got my \$200 for the two I had put up, and I rented a farm with it, where I made enough to give myself a purty fair start here in the East, where I had an uncle that wanted me to come and go in business with him. Oh, yes; about the major's bets on his boat? Well, he cleaned up enough of them long shots to pay fer his boat about five times over, but the major wasn't the kind that used up any time crowin'."

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

The Greatest of All Bonfires.

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, CELEBRATES THE GLORIOUS FOURTH BY BURNING 4,000 BARRELS.

PROBABLY in no city is there a more unique manner of "ushering in" the Fourth of July than in Salem, Massachusetts. Upon Lookout hill and Gallows hill are lighted two huge piles of barrels, just as the clocks toll the midnight hour



THE GREATEST FOURTH-OF-JULY BONFIRE IN THE COUNTRY, AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

Situated, as these piles are, upon the highest hills in the vicinity, the flames, as they leap skyward, illuminate the country for miles around as brightly as shines the liberty whose birth they commemorate. This unique custom has been in vogue at the "Lookout" for over sixty years. Some say it started in 1817 in honor of the declaration of peace between England and this country. The piles are not mere heaps of rubbish, but are well built and of graceful contour. At the Lookout this year the pile was seventeen tiers high, containing some 2,000 barrels and hogsheads, and reaching a height of about fifty feet. The foundation was twenty-five mammoth hogsheads, and the core of the pile was composed of 4,000 railroad sleepers. The barrels are stuffed with wood and other combustibles.

The Gallows hill fire is of more recent date, springing into prominence within the past twenty years. The fire is kindled on a hill opposite the historic hill where nineteen souls were sacrificed by the hangman's rope during the witchcraft delusion. As in past years, this pile was larger than that on Lookout. This year it was twenty-six tiers high, containing some 4,000 barrels. It was about seventy feet tall and of symmetrical cone shape. Fully 30,000 people from Salem, Boston, Lynn, and the surrounding towns witnessed the fires. Band concerts, fire-crackers, and other noise-producers, precede the fires and continue during the burning.

Fun in the Philippines.

STORIES OF THE WAR IN THE JUNGLE WHICH SHOW THAT UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTERS HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR.
(Special Correspondence of *Leslie's Weekly*.)

MALOLOS, May 22d, 1899.—A typical Yankee trick was played on the enemy over at Paombong the other day. There is a church over there, which is just across a narrow stream from the house occupied by our extreme left outpost of twenty-eight men from Battery H, Third United States Artillery, who are serving here as infantry. The sentry on duty on the church side of the river conceived the idea of tying a long rope to the clapper of the bell in the belfry, carrying the rope over to his post in the road. Just as had been anticipated, the Filipinos came sneaking down close to the church the other morning, an hour or so before daylight. The sentry heard them coming, and promptly rang the bell. In a twinkling the Filipinos opened on the belfry, and that and the church are now well dented by bullets. The outpost refrained from answering the fire, which was doing no harm, but after every volley at the belfry the sentry with the rope gave the bell two or three frantic peals. Believing the outpost to be still in the belfry and sorely pressed, the insurrectos crept nearer and poured in, as they thought, a still more deadly fire. All this time the men of the outpost kept quiet, noting just where the enemy were. At daylight our soldiers opened so briskly that sixty or seventy Filipinos found their error and hit the road briskly back to their own outpost, carrying several wounded men with them. The handy rope has been extended to reach across the river.

Only the other day the Kansas volunteers got under a fire so heavy that, after spreading out in line of skirmishers, the order was given to lie down. One unfortunate soldier flopped square ly into an ant-hill. Thousands of the little pests swarmed an grisly over him, biting with the peculiar penetration of Filipino ants. In a second the soldier jumped up, swearing and almost screaming with the pain.

"Lie down, my man," shouted his captain.

"All right, sir," and down flopped the unhappy soldier. He could stand it only a few seconds, when he leaped once more to his feet.

"Lie down, I tell you," insisted the captain.

"Blankety-blank, captain, I can't!" protested the poor fellow.

Just then a sheet of Mauser bullets flew past him, at all heights, from his shins to his head. It was marvelous that the standing soldier was not hit in a dozen places. But he changed his mind swiftly about the possibility of lying down. Down he went, regardless of ants, shouting to his commander:

"Yes, I can, captain! By the holy smoke, yes I can, sir!"

And he remained down until the order came to rise.

Speaking of these short rushes forward, a queer thing happened at Guiguinto, where perhaps half of the soldiers in one regiment found hens. Before there was time to kill the fowls orders came to go forward. A little farther out the regimen lay down under fire for some minutes. Then the order came to charge. Up and forward with a yell rushed the soldiers, but over the cheering rose another sound. Three or four hundred hens, objecting to being carried head down with feet tied to the strap of a haversack, set up a frantic squawking such as we probably never heard along a line of charging military before.

It was at Guiguinto, too, that Major Putnam Bradlee Stro. of New York, the son of your honored ex-mayor, stood a lit too exposed, drinking the milk out of a cocoanut, when a bullet struck him in the left arm. It was not a serious wound—or what the soldiers call a vaccinating mark; but it was certain startling for a moment, and made the major jump. There are officers here who declare that Major Strong swallowed a cocoanut then and there. It is only fair to him, however, to say that he denies it. All that he admits swallowing is a piece of the pulp that came through with the milk. He is one of the bravest and most popular officers in our army.

Colonel Funston sat on his horse, watching his Kansas boys fire at the enemy at Caloocan, when an orderly came up with the commanding general's compliments, and an order to stop firing.

"Cease firing!" shouted the colonel.

Only a few of the nearest men heard him, and the firing kept on.

"Cease firing!" ordered the colonel again, and this time the bugle gave forth the peal and the firing, after scattering, stopped altogether. Just then a ball from the insurgents drilled the neck of the colonel's pony. Quick as a flash Funston whirled around, fire in his eyes.



ENORMOUS HEIGHT OF THE BAMBOO FORESTS IN THE PHILIPPINES, SURROUNDING THE CAMP OF THE FIRST IDAHO VOLUNTEERS.

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HOW THE BRAVE AMERICAN SOLDIERS FOUGHT AT PASAY—THEIR WELL-CONSTRUCTED INTRENCHMENTS, BAMBOO SHELTER-TENTS, AND SIGNAL OBSERVATORY.

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IDaho VOLUNTEERS ENJOYING "ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME," WHILE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD NEAR PASAY.

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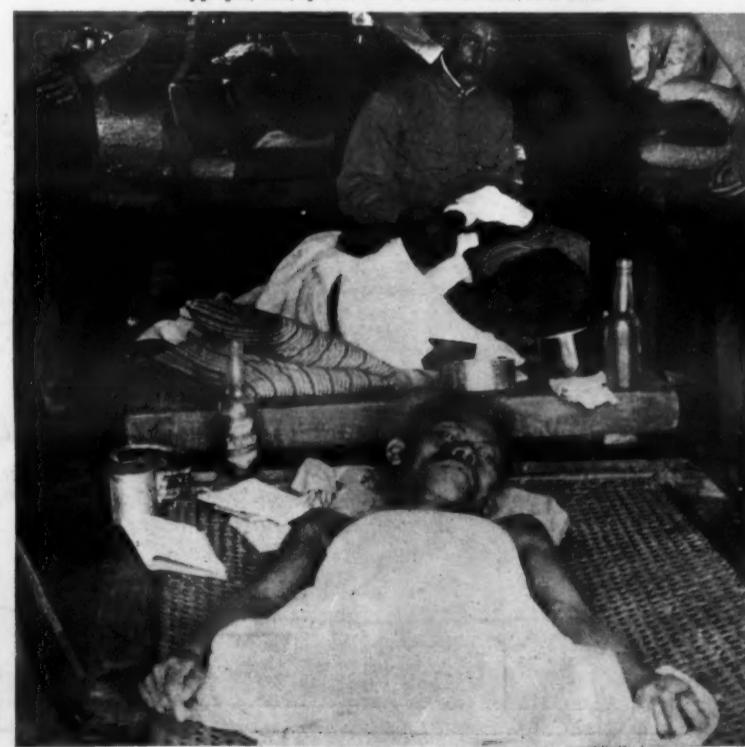
"COFFEE AND ROLLS!" THE FOURTEENTH REGULARS LINING UP FOR MESS AT PASAY.

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WOUNDED FILIPINOS RECOVERING FROM THEIR WOUNDS IN THE LARGE HOSPITAL AT MANILA.

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WOUNDED FILIPINO INSURGENTS TENDERLY CARED FOR IN THE MANILA HOSPITAL. THE PICTURE SHOWS THE LIGHT AND COMFORTABLE BAMBOO COTS USED.

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THE LATEST FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

HOW THE SEVERE STRUGGLE FOR THE CONTROL OF THE LAND OF THE JUNGLE IS CARRIED ON BY OUR FIGHTING REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS.



THE CURIOUS CROWD IN THE FAMOUS

REGGARS, NEWSBOYS, AND BOOTBLACKS MINGLE PROMINENTLY WITH THE REST SOCIAL ELEMENT IN



THE FAMOUS CAFÉ INGLATERRA, HAVANA.

AN ELEMENT IN HAVANA'S SWELL CAFÉ—DRAWN EXPRESSLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY B. WEST CLIVEDENST.



THE SENIOR CADETS IN THE NAVAL ACADEMY, NOW IN THE LAST YEAR OF THEIR INSTRUCTION.

Admirals in Embryo.

TO REACH A COMMISSION IN THE NAVAL SERVICE, A CADET MUST ENDURE SIX YEARS OF THE HARDEST TRIAL—ONLY THE FITTEST SURVIVE.

On board the United States cruiser *Annapolis*, temporarily put into training commission, are fifty-eight youths, each one of whom is just beginning to find out how troubled is the path that leads to the tunic of the naval ensign. Two years ago, each one of these young gentlemen, buoyant in the radiance of hope born of his nomination to the academy, was firmly convinced that Nature had intended him to wear the stars of the admiral. At the present moment he'll be happy if he

reaches the stage wherein he may wear the single shoulder-strap of a second lieutenant.

In truth, Uncle Sam is the hardest of hard task-masters. It is much that he exacts from those who serve him, and little that he will give in return. Long has it been the pride of this country that no man could find his way into either branch of the profession of arms save by the force of personal fitness; that no wealth, however vast, no influence, however powerful, could serve him if for any reason he was deemed unworthy to hold a commission in the United States' service.

It is estimated that the total expense incidental to the training of a student in the British or American navies does not fall far short of \$30,000. In England, the whole burden of the expenditure falls upon the parents of the candidate. Thus, only the sons of the wealthy can hope to obtain entrance to the naval colleges. But the government of the United States, declaring that the sons of the rich and the sons of the poor are alike in the defense of the country, assumes the entire cost of their training. The test is correspondingly hard. The cadet entering on his first course in instruction sees ahead six years of an experience compared to which the life of a galley-slave in the bulks at Toulon is not so bad. A frame fitted to endure all trials and all rigors of all climates; the ability to fight off the

(Continued on page 63.)



NAVAL CADETS KRESS AND TEMURA—THE LATTER A JAPANESE—THE CRACK SWORDSMEN OF THE SENIOR CLASS AT ANNAPOLIS.



THE "ENDEAVOR" TENT, IN WHICH THE GREAT GATHERING AT DETROIT WAS HELD—THE CROWD LEAVING AFTER THE CONVENTION SERMON.



THE DELEGATION FROM GEORGIA AND NORTH CAROLINA THAT SANG "DIXIE LAND" AT THE GREAT PEACE CONFERENCE AT BELLE ISLE AMID TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE, ESPECIALLY FROM THE NORTHERN DELEGATION.



EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

1. Rev. George E. McManiman, Steubenville, Ohio. 2. Rev. George E. Soper, St. Paul, Minnesota. 3. Mr. H. D. Boughner, Clarksburg, West Virginia. 4. Rev. Samuel McNaugher, Boston. 5. Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., Detroit. 6. Mr. William Shaw, treasurer, Boston. 7. Charles M. Sheldon, Topeka, Kansas. 8. Rev. Clarence E. Eberman, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. 9. Rev. Floyd W. Thompkins, D.D., Philadelphia. 10. Rev. Asher Anderson, Meriden, Connecticut. 11. Rev. J. F. Cowan, D.D., Pittsburgh. 12. Rev. Joseph Walker, D.D., Ipswich, Queensland, Australia. 13. Bishop B. W. Arnett, D.D., President Francis E. Clark, D.D., Boston. 15. Rev. H. K. Walker, D.D., Los Angeles, California. 16. Rev. J. Z. Tyler, D.D., Cleveland, Ohio. 17. Professor H. L. Willett, Chicago. 18. Rev. Howard B. Grose, Boston. 19. Rev. James L. Hill, Salem, Massachusetts. 20. Rev. W. H. McMillan, D.D., Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. 21. Bishop Samuel Fallows, D.D., LL.D., Chicago. 22. Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., Philadelphia. 23. Rev. J. B. Richardson, London, Ontario. 24. Professor James Lewis Howe, Lexington, Virginia. 25. Rev. M. Rhodes, D.D., St. Louis, Missouri. 26. Mr. W. E. Sweet, Denver, Colorado. 27. Mr. Miles M. Shand, Washington, D. C. 28. Mr. Ellis, Philadelphia. 29. Rev. H. F. Shupe, Dayton, Ohio. 30. Mr. Robert Cushman, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. 31. Rev. J. M. Lowden, Oleyville, Rhode Island. 32. Rev. William Patterson, Toronto, Ontario. 33. Rev. Cornelius Brett, D.D., Jersey City, New Jersey. 34. Rev. U. F. Swengel, York, Pennsylvania. 35. Rev. J. W. Beckett, Baltimore, Maryland. 36. Mr. H. H. Spooner, Bull's Bridge, Connecticut. 37. Secretary John Willis Baer, Boston. 38. Rev. Dr. Johnson, Philadelphia. 39. Rev. Arthur J. Smith, Savannah, Georgia. 40. Rev. A. C. Crews, Toronto, Ontario. 41. Rev. William E. Bolles, Detroit, in rear.

THE MEMORABLE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT DETROIT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY C. M. HAYES. (See PAGE 701)

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

"Commence firing!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. "Give 'em — at nine hundred yards!"

It took three or four rounds of ammunition all along the line to avenge that horse, though the colonel still rides it.

* * *

It has been frequently remarked that the Filipinos could have no conception of the extent and resources of the United States, or they never would have been deceived into the hallucination that they could successfully combat us. In going through their school here, I found a little manuscript volume in which, in less than a hundred manuscript pages, was comprised all of syntax and geography that was taught the children here. And it must be remembered that Malolos, before the insurrection, was an important city in this part of the world, and one where the children would be expected to receive the average education. Turning to one of the pages in this book that I picked up, I found the United States of America discoursed upon, immediately after Nigricia, and just before Mexico. Here is the entire lot of information given as to the United States, in the form of questions and answers:

"Where is this country (the United States) situated? In North America.

"What are its boundaries? To the north, British America; to the east, the Atlantic Ocean and the Bahama Channel; to the south, the Strait of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and to the west, Mexico and the Grande (Pacific) Ocean.

"What is the form of government? It is a federal republic.

"Of what is this republic composed? Of forty different states.

"What are its rivers and mountains? The most notable rivers are the Mississippi (literal spelling), the Niagara, the Missouri (again the literal spelling), the Colorado and the St. Lawrence, and the principal mountains are the Cumberland and Rockies.

"What is the capital? Washington, but the most important city is New York.

"Protestantism prevails, but there are Catholic archbishops."

And this is the sum total of what the average Filipino boy has been taught about our rather considerable and somewhat prosperous country.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

ICEBERGS undoubtedly have their proper uses, such as that of cooling the atmosphere of northern coasts and furnishing free transportation to polar bears, but it is not a good use to which they put themselves when they bump into a vessel after nightfall, as one did into the good ship *Hatasu*, off the coast of Newfoundland, a few weeks ago. It was not only dark, but foggy, when the event happened, and the *Hatasu*, then on her maiden voyage from Chicoutimi to Manchester, came out of the encounter with her stem crushed and bent back several feet below the hawse-pipes. Luckily it was no worse, for when the morning dawned the *Hatasu* found herself in the centre of a perfect nest of enormous bergs. Fortunately an artist for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* was on the spot and caught a picture of the icy monster who did the damage, so that it may be known in the future. Ship-masters are requested to take a look and beware!

Our Natty New Cup-Defender.

THE "COLUMBIA'S" FIRST RACE WITH THE "DEFENDER"—THE NEW YACHT WAS NEARLY DEFEATED BY THE CHAMPION OF 1894.

THE first actual race between *Columbia* and *Defender* for a \$250 cup, generously presented by the New York Yacht Club, attracted a large and curious crowd of spectators anxious to see how the new boat would behave. The club is to be congratulated on making it possible for the yachtsmen of New York to witness such a magnificent sea spectacle. It does not often happen that a pictorial newspaper has the opportunity to offer to its readers such a unique assortment of photographic views of a yacht race as *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* presents in this number. They give the complete history of the race. Every salient feature of the contest is represented. As a souvenir of the first time the great cup champion met in real conflict this number will be of unequalled interest and value to the amateur and professional yachtsman.

The result of the race, though by no means thoroughly satisfactory to the worshipers at the Herreshoff shrine, who were rash enough to believe that the new boat would describe huge circles round the vanquisher of *Valkyrie III.*, proves, however, that the *Columbia* is a capital boat, capable of far better things in the future. The crew of *Columbia* will have to hop round the decks in a smarter manner if they hope to successfully defend the America's Cup. Some of their blunders were inexcusable. But the crew at present is raw and green, and perhaps it is scarcely fair to be hypercritical of their mistakes.

Rain, squalls, thunder and lightning, and rough water were features of a very disagreeable day on the ocean. At the first glimpse of *Columbia* one is struck by the disturbance her bow makes in a sea-way. She leaves the water much better than she enters it.

Approaching the starting-line, near Sandy Hook light-ship, on the starboard tack, *Columbia* was in too great a hurry and crossed before the signal was given by the regatta committee on the flag-ship *Corsair*. Seeing her error she came back, and owing to this manoeuvre was not only confronted with a big handicap, but was also jummed right under *Defender's* lee during nearly the whole distance of the first leg.

It was a triangular course over which the two boats were racing, the total distance being thirty nautical miles, the first leg being ten miles of windward work, the next a reach, and the last would have been a run dead before the wind with spinakers set had not the wind shifted, making it a reach to the finish line.

The effort of *Columbia* to get clear of the oppressive and unwelcome blanket of *Defender* was sturdy but vain. At last she made a short hitch in-shore, heading for Seabright, New Jersey. This proved a fortunate move, for in a little while she ate her way out to windward of *Defender's* wake and slowly pointed her bowsprit over the weather quarter of her rival and gradually passed her, rounding the first mark forty-five seconds in advance, freeing herself of the handicap and gaining two minutes and twenty-eight seconds in the first ten miles of windward work. Cheers and whistles greeted the victor as she took in her baby jib-topsail just before rounding the mark.

From this point it was a reach to the second mark. The *Columbia's* sailors in setting the No. 2 jib-topsail hoisted it up in stops, tying them so tightly that a strong pull on the sheet failed to break out the sail. The whole performance was lubberly in the extreme. In hauling it down the sail got in the water and of course stopped the yacht's way. But in spite of this the *Columbia* gained one minute and thirty-three seconds on the second leg.

The last leg of the course was disappointing because of the shifting and gradual dying away of the wind, which made the finish flat and tame. This coming immediately after a most exciting squall, with thunder and lightning accompaniments, was very depressing. As *Columbia* neared the finish, *Defender* caught a nice puff of wind which much narrowed the gap between them. When the experts got to work they figured that *Defender* had actually gained twenty-five seconds on *Columbia* on the final leg of ten miles. *Columbia* beat *Defender* over the thirty-mile course three minutes and thirty-three seconds elapsed time. How much time *Columbia* would allow *Defender* on a thirty-mile course has not yet been calculated, but it must be more than a minute. So the margin is close indeed.



A MONSTER ICEBERG PHOTOGRAPHED.

But when the sails of the new boat are altered to fit, and after the *Deer Isle* crew gets licked into shape, the yacht will doubtless improve in form and do justice to her builder and her owners. She should also be able to beat the *Shamrock*.

It is only proper to mention that the race was admirably conducted by the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, and Irving Grinnell. These gentlemen have had the advantage of many years' experience in trial races and international cup contests, and their management of several historic races has compelled the admiration of winner and loser alike.

A. J. KENEALY.

Admirals in Embryo.

(Continued from page 68.)

yearning for a little sleep that comes at the end of forty-eight hours of continuous duty; the patience and judgment of a Cavour; a knowledge of mathematics that would arouse the respect of the senior wrangler; a blind resignation and obedience to orders that no provocation can shake—such are the qualifications required of the man who would wear an officer's uniform. The substance of the situation is expressed thus by Commander R. R. Ingersoll, now in charge of the *Annapolis*:

When a boy has passed successfully through his six years it is safe to say that the United States has got a sailor. He is able to reef a topsail or take full command, as emergency may arise. We know that he is intelligent, because no *l* d

who did not possess a high order of intellect could survive even the first three years of his novitiate. We know that he'll be brave, because it needs the kind of grit, endurance, and stick-it-out-iveness necessary in the navy to reach an ensign's place. We know that he is physically fit, because only a constitution of steel could respond to the tests that we impose upon it.

Of the total number of cadets nominated to the academy each year scarcely more than thirty-five per cent. finally obtain commissions. And when at last the student has reached an ensign's rank his troubles are not over, for with every successive promotion he must undergo a fresh examination, each one severer than all others that have preceded it. Commander Ingersoll explains that the training of the cadet involves two examinations. The first three years are devoted to the study of the details of the profession, with all the incidental drudgery. The cadets on the *Annapolis* compose the senior or third-year class. They are receiving their final drilling in all stages of their work. Following the practice usual on training-ships, the cadets themselves work the vessel on a system of rotation; thus, the humble engineer of to-day may be the commanding officer of to-morrow; and if he does not get even with the young man who but yesterday lectured him from the quarter-deck, it will not be due to any want of effort or intention.

The seniors, having passed the first examination, are assigned to a man-of-war for a three years' cruise, and rank as midshipmen, and then, having successfully endured the strain of climate, of storm, and of inflexible discipline, they pass through a second examination before they are finally gazetted. If the midshipman fails in the last test, back he goes into the world a civilian once more, and six years of his life have been wasted in the futile effort to become a commissioned officer in the United States Navy.

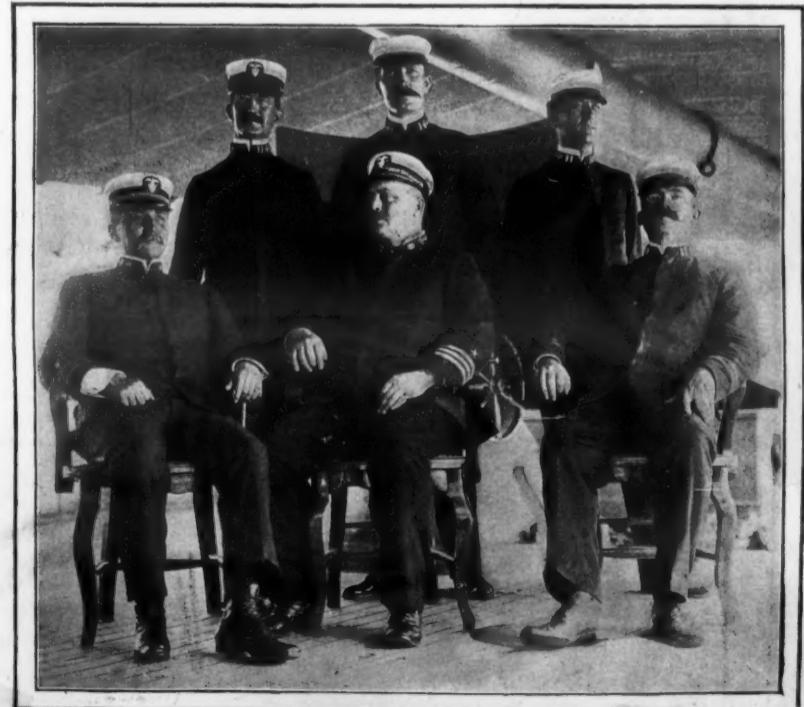
Apparently, the grave prospect does not bring fear to the hearts of the boys on the *Annapolis*. A happier, more sailor-like crowd of youngsters it would be difficult to find—except when their thoughts turn to their own class mate, poor Boardman, who met his death in front of Cienfuegos. The two or three days recently spent in or around New York were perhaps the most joyous of their lives. "And that is why every old commander dreads New York," said Lieutenant-Commander Bartlett. "New York loves to take these boys to her heart and pet them, and then they are spoiled. Look at them now, grouping for that camera of yours. That's just what they have been doing for the last week. They were a little stiff and awkward at first, not being used to it, but now they pose like so many professional beauties. Oh, no; they are not at all stuck on themselves. Even 'Tom the Terror,' here (stopping to stroke a handsome tortoise-shell cat that has strolled up to the group), even he has caught the disease. Tom was on the monitor *Terror* during the war, was right in the fight with Cervera's fleet, got his enlistment papers and his medals for good conduct and bravery in action, took it all as a matter of course, and went about his business until the kodak man came along. Now look at him."

Tom has perched himself on the muzzle of a great big gun, and carefully arranged his fur in a way that will show him to the best advantage. "There, now," continues Captain Bartlett; "that's just what he does every time a photograph man comes in sight—fixes his eyes on the camera and never moves until he hears the click." Looking upon the laughing faces of the boys, sitting for their 'steeneth picture, one wonders whether, from among the crowd, there shall some day arise a Nelson, a Farragut, or a Dewey, to set the world ablaze with the story of his deeds. And, in truth, the promise is good.

SAQUI SMITH.

See What Ten Cents Will Do.

"How," is the title of a well-printed little book of 165 pages, the greatest book of its character of the year. It tells you how to do 150 different things of interest to men, women and children, and will be sent to any one who will cut out this notice from *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and forward it, with ten cents in stamps or currency, to the Judge Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. "How" is full of just the kind of information that every person wants.

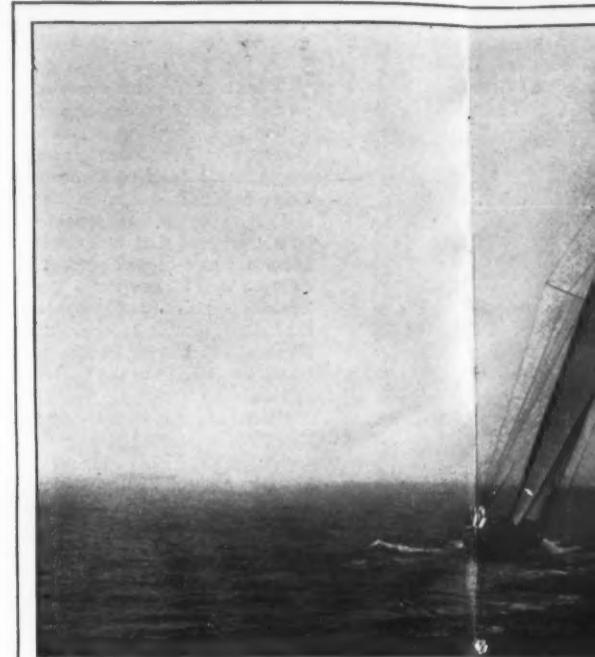


Lieutenant Kincaid. Lieutenant French. Lieutenant Koster. Lieutenant-Commander Bartlett. Commander R. R. Ingersoll. Lieutenant Muir.

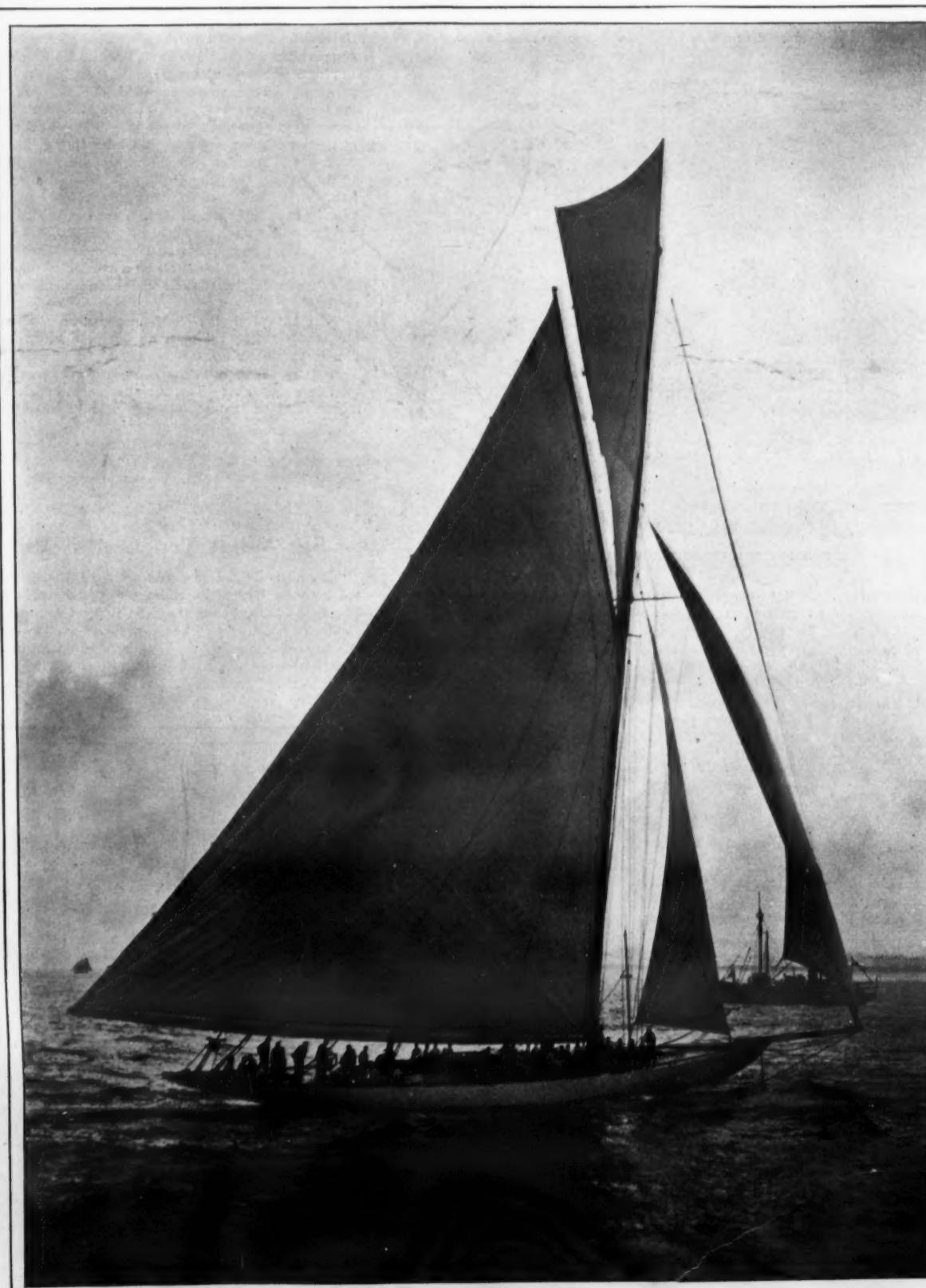
THE CHIEF OFFICERS OF THE TRAINING-SHIP "ANNAPOLEIS," ON WHICH THE NAVAL CADETS ARE NOW MAKING A TRIP FOR PRACTICAL INSURANCE.



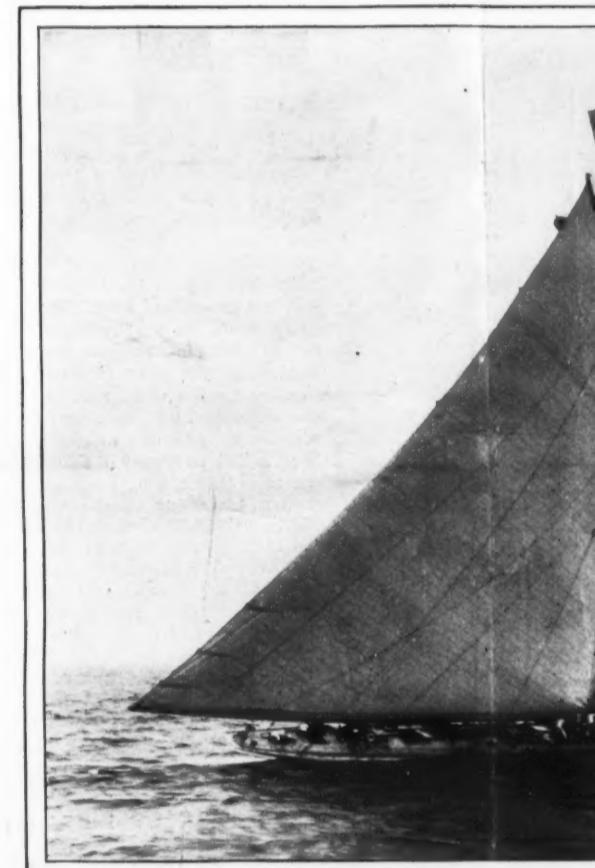
APPROACHING THE START ON THE STARBOARD TACK—"DEFENDER" IN THE LEAD.



THE "COLUMBIA'S" BIG HANDICAP ON THE FIRST



"COLUMBIA" CHASING THE "DEFENDER" AT THE START.



"COLUMBIA'S" SHORT HITCH IN-SHORE, WHERE S

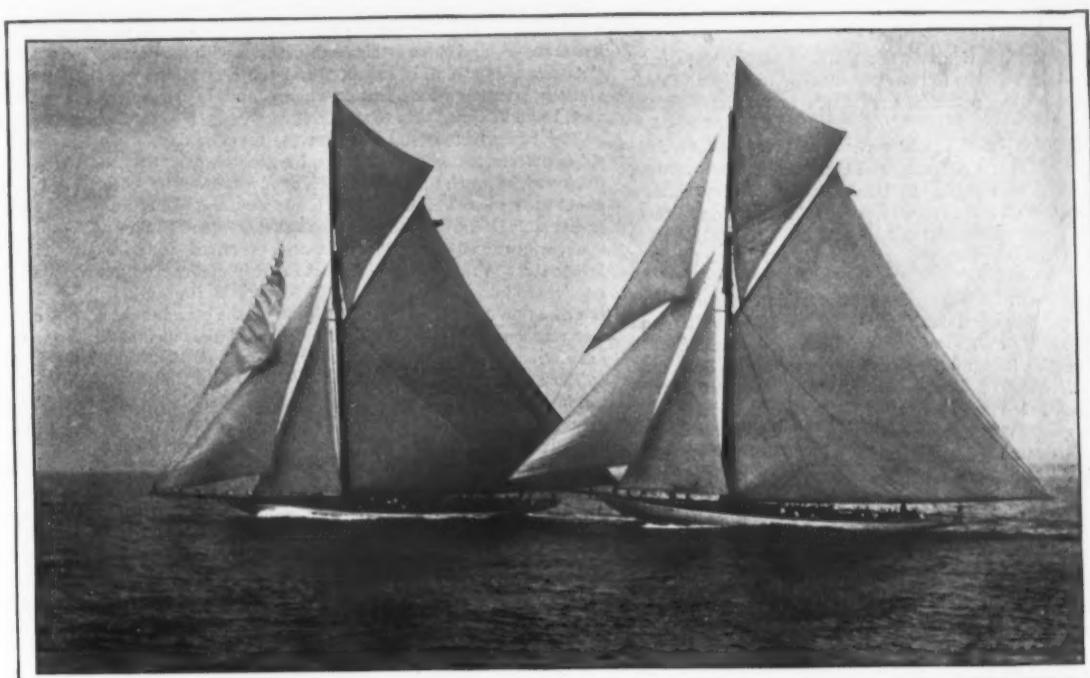


"COLUMBIA" BLANKETED

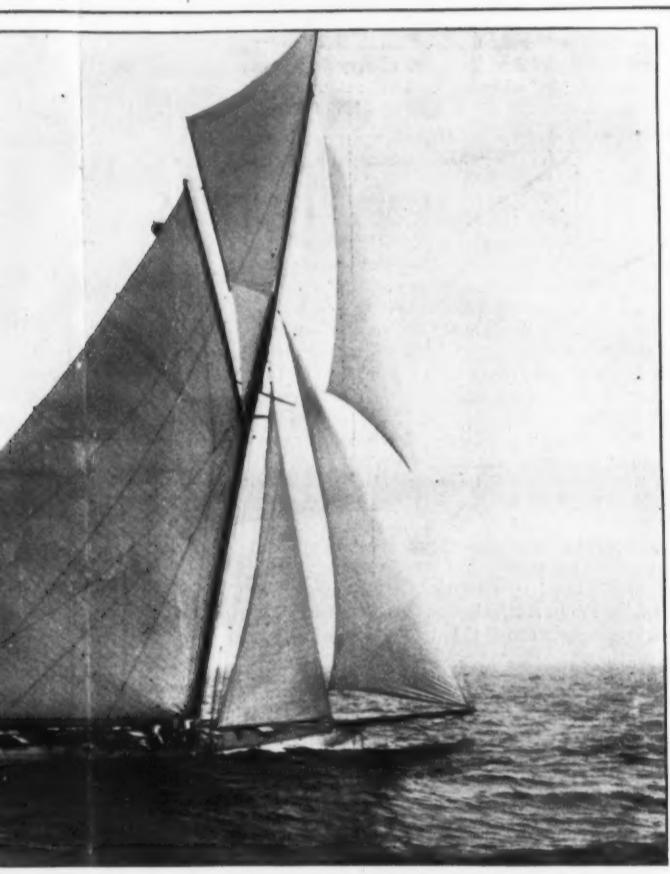
HOW THE "COLUMBIA," THE NEW INTERNATIONAL CUP-DE



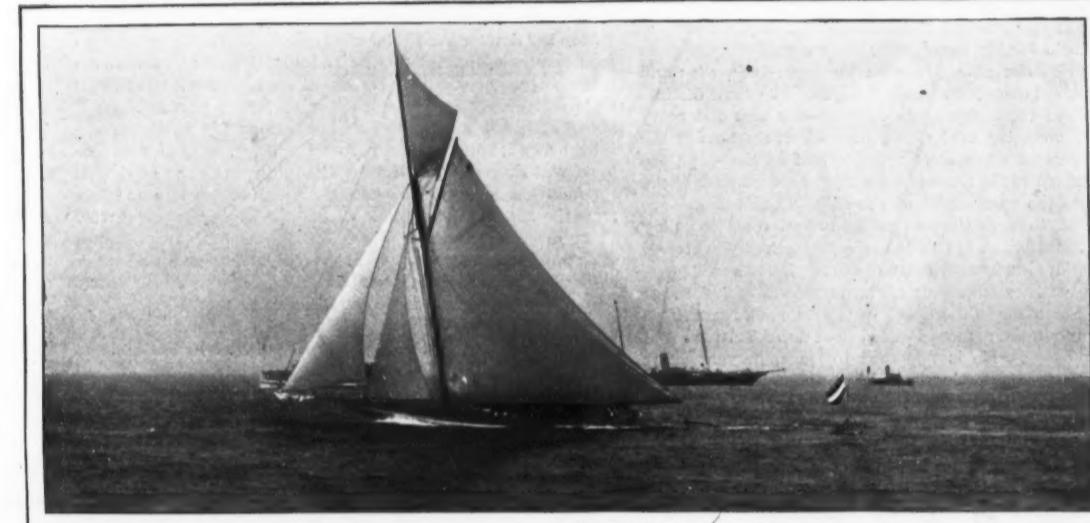
ANDICAP ON THE FIRST LEG, THE "DEFENDER" STILL AHEAD.



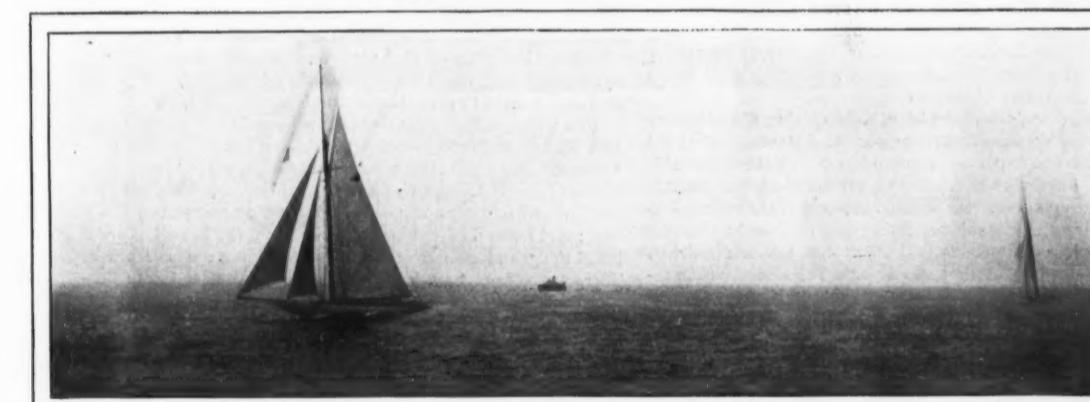
"COLUMBIA" PASSES THE "DEFENDER" AND TAKES IN HER BABY JIB-TOPSAIL, JUST BEFORE TURNING THE FIRST STAKE.



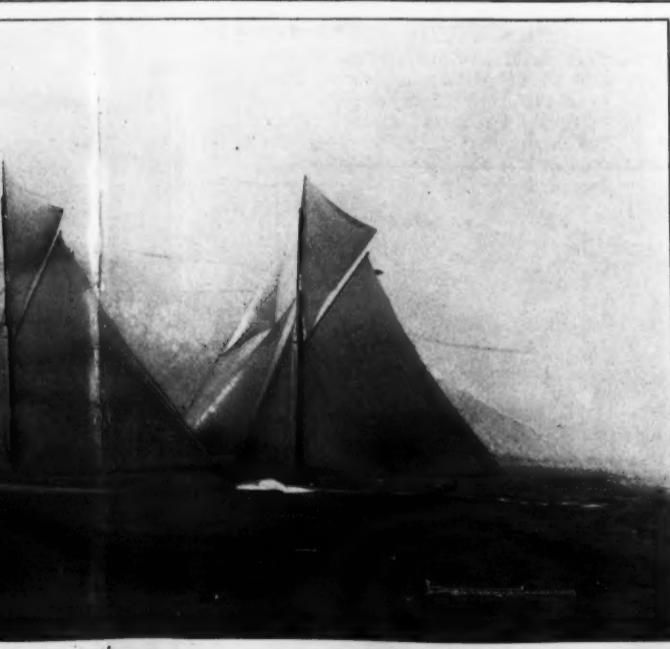
IN-SHORE, WHERE SHE GAINED A POINT ON THE "DEFENDER."



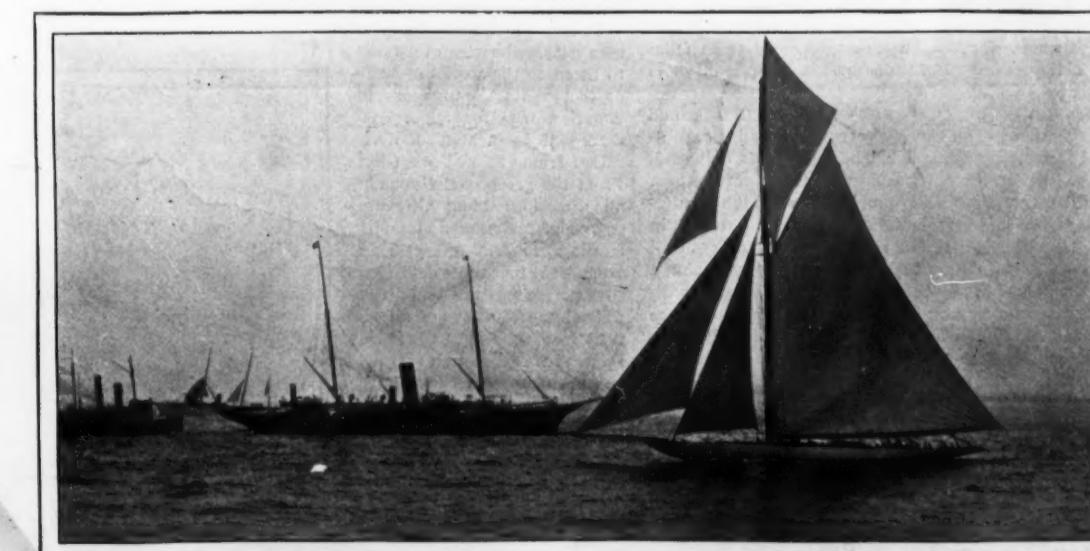
THE "COLUMBIA" ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT ON THE FIRST LEG.



NEARING THE FINISH ON THE REACH HOME.—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE DISTANCE THE "COLUMBIA" BEAT THE "DEFENDER."



"COLUMBIA" BLANKETING THE "DEFENDER."



THE "COLUMBIA" CROSSING THE FINISH-LINE AND WINNING HER FIRST RACE.

CUP-DEFENDER, WON HER FIRST RACE OFF SANDY HOOK.

Training Naval Reserves.

(Continued from page 61.)

and petty officers, particularly the gunner's mates, were carefully selected with a view to their technical knowledge and their ability for imparting practical instruction to novitiates aboard ship.

It will therefore be the good fortune of every naval militia organization along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to experience, this year, "the real thing" in Uncle Sam's sea service, on a regular ship-of-war, and to receive practical instruction in those elements of American naval tactics and discipline which have recently proved so speedily disastrous to the fated fleets of Spain.

The *Prairie* will be engaged on this work for the next five months, proceeding up the Atlantic coast as far as Boston and going thence to New Orleans for the militia of the Gulf States. This year's series began with the Georgia battalion, composed of the two divisions of Brunswick, the two divisions of Savannah having failed to materialize. The Georgia divisions boarded the *Prairie* off Brunswick sea-buoy May 11th, and disembarked at the same point May 18th. The *Prairie* remained from 100 to 200 miles off shore during the entire period, cruising eastward by night and returning westward by day.

All of these tours of duty are to be based on the same official routine, the reserves of the other States will be interested in an outline of the experiences of the Georgia boys. Commander Mackenzie, to whose ability and zeal the department has intrusted the task of chief schoolmaster of the nation's volunteer seamen, adhered strictly to the letter of the programme of drills prepared at Washington. Each exercise has its proper time and place, each man his designated station and duty—and the subordinate officers see to it that there are no deviations, no shirkings.

The first day is devoted to essential preliminaries. The reserves are promptly assigned to quarters—the men and petty officers on the spacious berth-deck, forward, where there are numbered hooks for 500 hammocks; the warrant officers, more fortunate, in comfortable bunks on the berth-deck, aft; and the commissioned officers in officers' cabins. The same distinctions prevail in the assignments to mess—the men and petty officers at the swinging tables on the gun-deck, starboard; the warrant officers with the chief petty officers of the ship; the commissioned officers in the ward-room; the commander of the battalion with the commander of the ship. Cook's details are next appointed, to serve the rations from store-room to galley and galley to tables. Then ensues the formation of watches, and the novitiates learn at which end of the night he will be required to report for a four-hour vigil. Incidentally, during the first day, the amateur is instructed in the rules and regulations of the ship and in the names of the various decks, stations, and quarters on board. He is supposed to learn, in very short order, that there is a distinction with difference between a scuttle-butt and a scupper; that it is highly improper to refer to a port hole as a "window," or to allude to climbing a companion-way as "going up stairs."

The second day begins with the first dose of "setting up" exercises, by which term the untutored is not to understand that there is to be a general invitation to drink at some one else's expense. The series of calisthenic writhings and stretchings is repeated each day. The drill-master, who on this ship is Lieutenant Hill, finds himself busy at this time with the assignment of gun-crews, while the officers of the reserves are making their assignments of details for duty in the wheel-house and on the lookout. The principal exercise of the second day, however, is the aiming practice with fixed small arms—a very interesting drill and a sure test of marksmanship.

The shore sailors, who have been, since coming aboard, curiously eying the big guns from a respectful distance, are on the third day allowed to get on intimate terms with the formidable destroyers. First with the six-inch and afterward with the six-pounders, each gun-crew watches a regular gunner's mate dismantle the breech mechanism, naming each piece as he removes and replaces it, and describing all the processes of composition, construction, loading, aiming and firing. The men are then required, in rotation, to go through the same routine without assistance or suggestion from the regular. By the time this work is completed, every reserve on board should be able to give a clear and correct statement about the mechanism and operation of the two types of guns.

Another forward step in naval gunnery is made the next day, when sub-calibre target practice is the order of exercises. A water-tight barrel is thrown over the side and used as a target for the forty-five-calibre bullets, each man firing ten shots. So good was the marksmanship of the Brunswick reserves in this practice that Commander Mackenzie complimented them from the bridge, and the other organizations must be exceptional shots if they expect to excel it.

On the fifth day the big guns speak with their full force and voice. A target, buoyed on barrels, carrying three leg-of-mutton sails, and temptingly flying a bright red flag, is launched, with the best wishes of the chief carpenter for its safe return. Meanwhile, the reserves are being taught to handle the ponderous ammunition, hoisting it from the magazine and placing it in the gleaming breeches. There is a routine about this, as in all things naval—a certain time to load, a certain way to aim, a certain moment to fire. Soon the six inchers are booming, with a shock that shatters a mirror in the captain's cabin, and the huge shells that whiz like express trains and strike like avalanches are dropping close to the target, which, two miles distant, bobs saucily on the swell. A few moments more and the six-pounders chime in with a sharper note but less concussion. There are all the elements of a battle except an enemy. The untrained ear-drum will suffer here, but it will be temporary, and barely noticed in the excitement. In this full-fledged gunnery the Georgia reserves maintained their average creditably, and a shot from the forward port six-pounder struck the target amidship, leaving it a shapeless wreck. The successful gunner was a printer, who had never seen the ocean before the day of embarkation.

On the sixth day there is more target-practice, and the old training ship *Alliance* comes by, with a white-jacketed crew of

naval apprentices. This gives an opportunity for much wagging and megaphonic shouting from bridge to bridge. This incident over, the reserves are formed into boat-crews, the falls are manned, and there is thorough practice with the boats. The "abandon ship" call is sounded, and the crews hurry to their stations, whether whale-boat or wherry, and, in spirit if not in fact, leave the good ship to sink.

The homestretch is reached on the seventh day, when the ship's officers make it their duty, by general examinations, to discover how much the boys remember of what they have learned about the guns. This is an important point, and will count very appreciably in the official report to the department. In the afternoon, wig-wag signaling is taught and practiced, and it is only fair to state in this connection that the ship's officers expect the reserves to know much about this feature of the work before the come on board. At night, the use of the search-light is effectively demonstrated, and the flash-light signals spell out their and white messages from the dizzy height of the fore-mast.

The small arms are produced on the morning of the eighth and last day, and the drill-master discovers just how much the reserves know about the manual of arms. A review in setting up exercises follows, and the remainder of the day is devoted to general examinations on all of the work that has been done on shipboard. Land is now in sight again, a puffing tug comes within hail, bags, hammocks and men are hurried in small boats to the transport, and the cruise is over.

During these eight days the commissioned officers of the reserves have by no means been idle. They, too, have had their school of instruction, and have been taught their duties and responsibilities aboard ship with the same scrupulous attention that has been bestowed upon the men.

To those reserves (not commissioned officers) who are to come after us, it may be well to append a few words of advice, freighted with the wisdom of experience: If you want delicacies, cigars, cigarettes, ice, or beverages, take them on board with you. Don't whistle on the ship, even in your sleep. Don't "talk back" to the marines. When the master-at-arms says "Stop it," don't do it again, whatever it is. If you are a common seaman, don't try to get on convivial terms with the captain. Don't get seasick. Don't pull the life-buoy button to see if it will drop. Don't smoke during target practice. And, above all, don't find fault with the rations, for they have sustained men who have faced more hostile guns than you, perhaps, will ever see. An interesting thing about the *Prairie* is the fact that her crew is composed almost entirely of men taken from the ships that saw most active service in the recent war. There are four men from Dewey's fleet and many from Sampson's and Schley's; and "Old Scotty," who fought under the *Olympia*'s bridge, can give you an account of the Manila battle that will make your heart leap with excited interest.

EDWIN D. LAMBRIGHT,
Chief Yeoman, Georgia Naval Militia.

The White Banner in Detroit.

THE RECENT REMARKABLE GATHERING OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY, REPRESENTING NEARLY FOUR MILLION MEMBERS SCATTERED OVER THE GLOBE.

DETROIT—besieged, stormed, captured—for a week, recently, was in possession of the mightiest army that ever went forth to conquest. But the conquest was easy. As the advance hordes of this vast army of 3,500,000 soldiers of salvation fighting under a snow-white banner on which in letters of deepest crimson is emblazoned "Christian Endeavor" came within sight of the city, from every house were seen the same white flags and crimson letters, and there were hundreds of white-capped young men and women to give the thousands a warm welcome.

In white city surrounding the two great tents of the Christian Endeavor Society—tents "Endeavor" and "Williston"—were gathered more than a hundred tents, covering three large blocks of ground. It was like a collection of circuses, only the omnipresent hawker and peanut-vendor were conspicuously absent; and instead of the uncertain notes of the brass band was heard the grand chorus of 1,000 voices singing songs of praise. There were large tents and small tents: tents for the fire department, tents for the police department, and tents for the hospital departments, all fitted and equipped for instant and efficient service. There was the press tent, in which 200 reporters from all over the country sat at typewriters and clicked out their stories of the convention. There were the dining-tents, where thousands ate daily. There was the newspaper tent, where papers from almost every city were sold, and there were the scores of smaller tents, where committees met, where parcels were kept, and where watchmen slept.

In each of the two large tents 11,000 young men and women gathered twice every day to listen to the words of some of the greatest pulpits of America. The tents had been decorated by a staff of decorators from New York City. From the great centre-poles in all directions hung alternate stripes of crimson and white bunting, and at intervals all around the tent-roofs depended streamers, from the bottom of which hung the flags of all nations into which the Christian Endeavor flag has been carried, and nearly every nation of the earth was represented. In front was the great stand, on which the chorus with the orchestra and the pipe-organs were placed, while in the centre of the platform, which was raised to a height of fifteen feet in order that every word could be distinctly understood by the vast throng, was the stand for the speakers.

It was Tuesday, July 4th, that the advance guard of the Christian Endeavor throng began to come. All that night and Wednesday and Wednesday night long excursion-trains emptied their thousands into the city, until Thursday the Christian Endeavor officers estimated that 30,000 young men and women from all parts of America, Europe, Asia, and Australia had come to the eighteenth annual convention. Tent "Endeavor," with its myriads of electric lights, waving flags, and thousands of kneeling worshipers, presented an unusual scene that night while the clouds were overcast with a threatening storm. Never before in the history of the society had an overflow meeting been necessary the first night, but the sides of the tent had to be raised, and the speakers found an audience of 15,000 people awaiting them. Then the heavens opened, and the grand anthems of the chorus found an accompaniment in the patterning of the rain upon the canvas, and at times umbrellas were as much in demand inside as out. To the welcome extended, representatives from England, Australia, Mexico, China, Japan, and Turkey responded, and after the meeting had ended and the rain had ceased, the delegates by the thousands flocked to the street cars and, singing their Endeavor songs as they went, were carried to their homes.

Think of 28,000 quiet-hour worshipers sitting in the hallowed bush of the white tabernacles, forgetful of the city that surrounded them, of the wide, wide world beyond its borders, and all else save their love of One greater than man, and how best they could do His work. The scenes were impressive beyond description, and he must be dumb who could not feel the grandeur of the moment.

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., of Chicago, delivered the convention sermon, one of the most eloquent efforts that had ever been listened to by a Christian Endeavor audience. Secretary John Willis Baer told of the vast growth of the society until it numbered more members than any other society of the kind the world had ever known, so that these modern soldiers of the Cross outnumber the old Crusaders many times. President Francis E. Clark's annual address was full of eloquence and earnestness.

The meetings in the tents every morning and evening were only a part of the great convention, however. Every day there were conferences, lectures, and addresses in all the churches of the city, at which men famous the length and breadth of America spoke. Each day at noon, on the street corners, in the factories, and along the wharves, meetings were held and the spirited Christian Endeavor choruses were heard where they had never been heard before. But it was under the oaks of beautiful Belle Isle, in the middle of the river dividing the United States from its great neighbor on the north, a dependency of Great Britain, that the crowning action of the convention was taken. Here in the open air, under the green oaks of the virgin forest, was started a movement which, before it is ended, will have encircled the earth. It was for the purpose of waging war against war that these delegates of 3,500,000 members assembled and at this great peace conference asked blessings for his Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia, whose rescript had sent a thrill around the world.

This peace conference was peculiarly significant because Belle Isle was one of the "peace islands" of the savages long before its shores were known to white men. Here, while the Indians could fight on the main land, no strife ever took place, and, whether their tribes were at war or not, the savages had always to smoke the pipe of peace when they reached its shores. It was therefore peculiarly fitting that these Christians should gather on a spot held sacred by even the savage to adopt a peace memorial asking the world to lay aside the sword. The convention is said to have been one of the greatest in the history of the Society of Christian Endeavor, and in this memorial its officers feel that they have marked an epoch in its history and the history of the world.

H. COY GLIDDEN.

Too Many Dogs in Kansas.

KANSAS has suffered in years past from an over-production of grasshoppers and populists. It is now afflicted, it appears, with a surplusage of dogs. It is long on dogs, but short on sheep. The secretary of the Kansas State Agricultural Society deplores this fact in a recent report. He shows that there are but 200,000 sheep in the State, while the number of dogs is 176,000. Two years ago the sheep outnumbered the dogs by thirty per cent, while last year this percentage was reduced to seventeen. In one county there were 909 dogs to each sheep, and in twelve selected counties there were 209 dogs to each sheep. If a similar investigation were made in other States we doubt not that some of them would show an equal disproportion of dogs and sheep. But it is not a good sign anywhere. Prosperity for the farmer does not lie along the way of an increase in the dog crop.



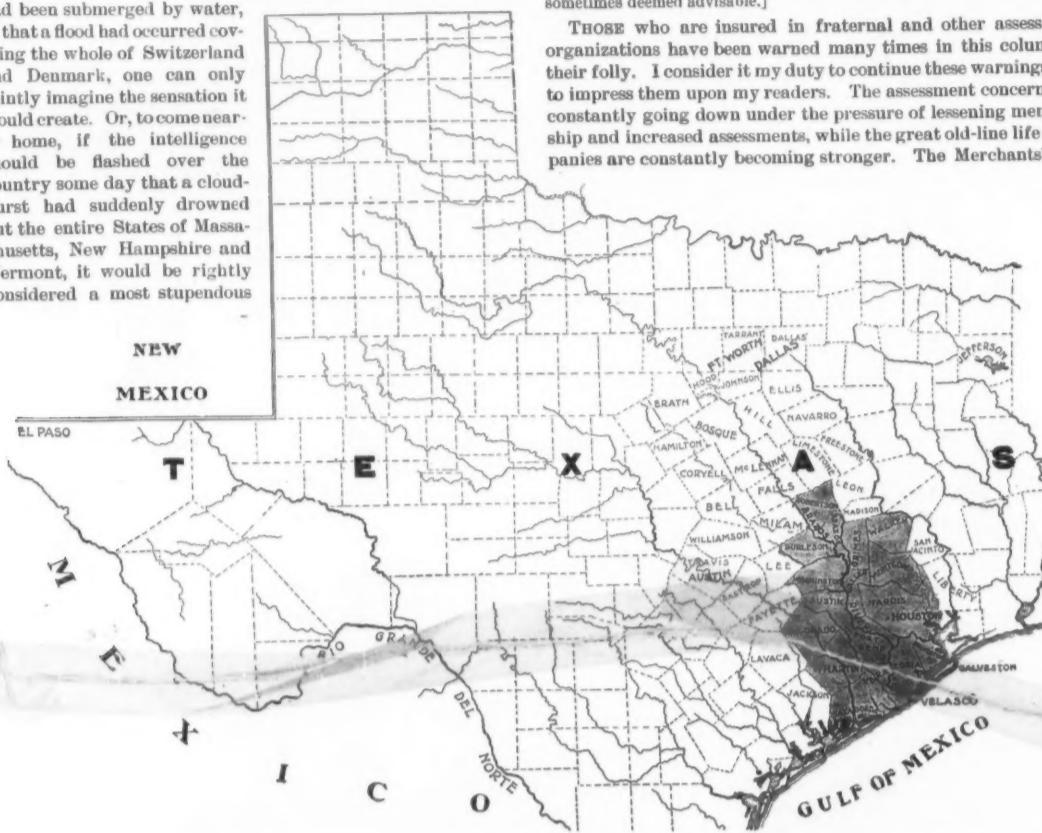
INTERIOR OF THE TENT "ENDEAVOR" DURING A MEETING.

Big Floods in a Big State.

AN AREA EQUAL TO HALF OF ALL ENGLAND COVERED BY THE WATER—IMMENSE LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY—A GREAT DISASTER.

THE State of Texas is planned on gigantic lines, and whatever takes place within her borders, for good or ill, appears to assume like dimensions. There is nothing small about the State of the Lone Star, whether it be the length of her rivers, the area of her plains, the extent of her ambitions, or the size of her floods.

If the news should be cabled from Europe that half of England had been submerged by water, or that a flood had occurred covering the whole of Switzerland and Denmark, one can only faintly imagine the sensation it would create. Or, to come nearer home, if the intelligence should be flashed over the country some day that a cloudburst had suddenly drowned out the entire States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, it would be rightly considered a most stupendous



THE GREAT TEXAS FLOOD, COVERING AN AREA HALF AS LARGE AS ALL ENGLAND, MAKES ONLY A DOT ON THE IMPERIAL COMMONWEALTH.

and awful calamity. Yet it was a catastrophe of just such dimensions as this, so far as the area of the territory affected was concerned, which happened the first week in July, in the Brazos River country in Texas.

An unprecedented rainfall in the central part of the State caused the Brazos and Colorado rivers along their lower courses until their waters covered a tract about 500 miles long by fifty miles wide. The flooded district included a part or all of eleven counties. More than 2,000 country bridges were swept away, and thirty-seven lives were reported to have been lost, and crops and other property were destroyed to the estimated value of \$8,500,000. The Brazos River broadened out to the extent of fifteen miles and during the rush of water shifted its channel three miles from its former course. The damage to railroad interests in the State reached an enormous total. Three of the principal lines—the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé, and the Southern Pacific—with a mileage in the State of 2,670, were completely stopped for several days, and damaged to the extent of many millions. According to the reports, over forty inches of rain fell in southern Texas within a week, a depth equal to the total yearly rainfall in many parts of the United States, and only ten inches less than the annual rainfall in the Mississippi valley. This unprecedented downpour accounts for the tremendous volume of water in the submerged district.

Of the sorrow and suffering entailed on the people of the flooded district by this calamity, mere figures convey no adequate conception. Houses, crops, and stock were swept away from an enormous area and a rich and fertile country covered with mud, débris, and desolation. Thousands of families were left absolutely homeless and penniless, and thousands of others suffered heavy loss. The people of the State in the vast regions untouched by the flood have responded to the call upon their sympathies in a manner commensurate with everything in Texas, but the needs are so great that help has been asked and received from other States and from the general government.

London Day by Day.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 15th, 1899.—Nothing is more remarkable among the many changes that have crept into this end of the century in England, than a growing love for hotel life and its extravagant comforts. Our forefathers knew no hotel save home, and grumbled whenever fate led them to "camp out." But half a century ago, it is safe to say, there were no hotels of this sort at all in London. In course of time, chiefly through the friendly interchange of nations, Englishmen got over their insular prejudices and faced the fact that the *hôtel de luxe* was the future house of the coming race. Then began the great springing up of hotels in London, chiefly round and about Charing Cross: and to crown the series I may justly say the *Carlton* stands as the highest and most perfect of all these latter-day public palaces.

After careful inquiry in all that is best, even in our hotel palaces, the most desirable features have been adapted for the *Carlton*. Accordingly the kitchens have been removed far from the living-rooms, and the latter arranged in complete suites right up to the top, and those nearest the sky are just as spacious and elegant as those on the ground floor. The continuity of supply and force is a remarkable feature. There is a continuous and untrailing supply of hot and cold soft water right through the vast structure. There is a continuous supply of electric light, and an all-night service throughout the vast building. In the picturesque court-yard, surrounded by palms and flowers and the tall white walls, fountains splash idly all day, at night gleaming with magic lights, and ever providing a resting-place for all who desire *al fresco* quiet. As you look at these high-tiled walls you can be serenely conscious that no fear of fire can disturb your rest, for the house is practically made of incombustible materials throughout. Another interesting picture consists of the balconies partitioned for each separate set of rooms, from which one can admire the ever-changing kaleidoscope of the street below. Billiard-rooms, ball-rooms—also suited for grand

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Flots— hair-dressing saloons, ticket-offices where one may engage accommodations by the "next ocean greyhound," or to a theatre by the nearest hansom— all are to be found on the court-yard level; and, in short, the genius of civilization seems to have come to the *Carlton*, and "come to stay." In a future letter I will speak on its incomparable *cuisine*—the epicurean surprises in store for American visitors to London. C. FRANK DEWEY.

Life Insurance—More Warnings.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

THOSE who are insured in fraternal and other assessment organizations have been warned many times in this column of their folly. I consider it my duty to continue these warnings and to impress them upon my readers. The assessment concerns are constantly going down under the pressure of lessening membership and increased assessments, while the great old-line life companies are constantly becoming stronger. The Merchants' Life

Really money is not scarce. There is plenty of it. All the banks admit this, and it must not be forgotten that an advance in interest rates in prosperous times like these indicates that our industries and business require money for legitimate purposes. But there is plenty of money which the banks could lend on Wall Street at fair rates if they would accept the new-fangled stocks as collateral. The fact that the banks are drawing the line on this new crop of securities is a warning to the investing public which should not go unheeded. Gilt-edged railroad stocks and bonds are readily accepted as collateral, almost up to their face value. Until the industrials prove by their good management and success and the payment of regular dividends that they have come to stay, we must expect discrimination against them by the banks, and the reason for this discrimination is precisely the reason that should lead the investing public to venture with caution into the new speculative realm. My advice is not to venture into the market extensively at present prices, but to buy on reactions, and then only on calm judgment and not on the basis of the wild rumors which constantly emanate from the cliques in Wall Street. Until the money market and the crop questions are settled, stocks will be feverish, sensitive, and fluctuating.

"F. A. V." New York: I would not advise the purchase of the stock mentioned on the margin given.

"O. L." Brooklyn: I would prefer an old firm, unless you have personal knowledge of the parties mentioned.

"H. D. F." Chicago: Under existing conditions, it would be wise to hold your Wheeling and Lake Erie common, if you can.

"T. W." Roseville, New Jersey: I regard the St. Louis Southwestern first mortgage bonds as a fair investment, but the price indicates that they do not rank with the best.

"S. P." East Cambridge, Massachusetts: Bay State Gas and Chicago Great Western, especially the former, are popular mainly with those who like to bet at long odds. Manipulation of the gas property might advance it, and one thing is certain, it cannot go much lower unless it is wiped out.

"R. A." Cincinnati: I would hold the Hocking Valley if you are amply secured, but would not wait for a large profit. (2) It is not a good time to finance new enterprises of great magnitude, but Mr. Morgan usually succeeds in his enterprises and has the saving quality of patience, which great operations always require.

"C. G." Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Think you ought to be able to save yourself on your Pacific Mail at the price mentioned. (2) On the basis of three-per-cent. dividends, considering its character and the chances of competition, it is high enough. (3) No statement has been made recently. (4) Much advantage is expected from a proposed subsidy law.

"L. F. W." Ashland, Pennsylvania: Mexican Central is dealt in generally by all the leading brokers. The earnings of the road have been increasing, and of late there has been a revival of interest in Mexican securities. The financing of the Mexican loan by J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. indicates a closer relationship between Mexico and the United States, and also between the financial interests of the two countries. I would rather buy the Mexican Central second income bonds than the stocks, as far as values are concerned.

"S." Fremont, Nebraska: I think well of Colorado and Southern first four at 90. (2) If I had a good position in Southern Railway five at 110, I should take it. I think within a year, if you will be patient, you can reinvest the money to advantage. (3) The Missouri, Kansas and Texas first fours are reasonable at 94. Their friends believe they will approximate par. (4) Oregon Shortline Consolidated five at 114 are worth keeping. (5) All the bonds of the class of Wisconsin Central first fours, and St. Louis and Southern first fours will sell at par. The investment demand for bonds continues to be anything like what it has been thus far during the year.

"D." Chases Lake, New York: If you purchased the stock at 19 and it rose to 25, you would of course get the advantage of the rise of six points after deducting the broker's commission and interest charges, if any. Your understanding of the situation is correct. (2) Western Union is not considered a first-class investment stock, because its plan is no wise represents its enormous capitalization, and its earnings scarcely justify a continuation of the present rate of dividends. (3) They are not first-class. (4) I am not prepared to predict a general rise in the fall. Much will depend upon the condition of the crops and the money market. Such a rise would no doubt affect most of the cheaper stocks favorably.

New York's Summer Amusements.

THE stranger to New York in midsummer is obliged to seek his amusement either on the cool roof-gardens of the variety theatres, or else to find it at Manhattan Beach. The warm nights find the crowd naturally drifting toward Manhattan Beach. The wealth and fashion seek the select and hospitable Oriental Hotel, or eat a good dinner at the Manhattan, enjoy the music of Sousa's band, the remarkable fire-works entertainment of Pain, which closes at nine P. M., and then spend the cool of the evening at the Manhattan Beach Theatre, where Primrose and Dockstader's minstrels have been making a hit. They are to be followed by the Jefferson de Angelis Opera Company in "The Jolly Musketeer" and others of the best attractions that Manager B. D. Stevens can secure. No midsummer stranger to New York who has ever taken in the evening's round of enjoyment at Manhattan Beach fails to go again. It is one of the most delightful, inexpensive, and convenient outings that New York affords.

For Seasickness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. J. FOURNESS-BRICE, of steamship *Teutonic*, says: "I have prescribed it among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, and am satisfied that if taken in time it will, in a great many cases, prevent seasickness."

Applications of Youthfulness.

DR. DYS has achieved the happy blending of seeds and atoms of plants, which possess upon the skin an action hitherto unknown. To this he has joined the pollen of powerfully refreshing flowers. This system of reviving the face suffers no reaction whatever. The results of a first application of six minutes already prove marvelous. Every subsequent application instills into the complexion a new and natural freshness until the face becomes thoroughly permeated with youthfulness. The complexion then retains a brightness which has *nothing fictitious* about it, provided the use of Dr. Dys' Toilet Sachets in the ordinary washing water is pursued.

Apply for advice and prospectus, free of charge, to V. Darsy, 129 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York.

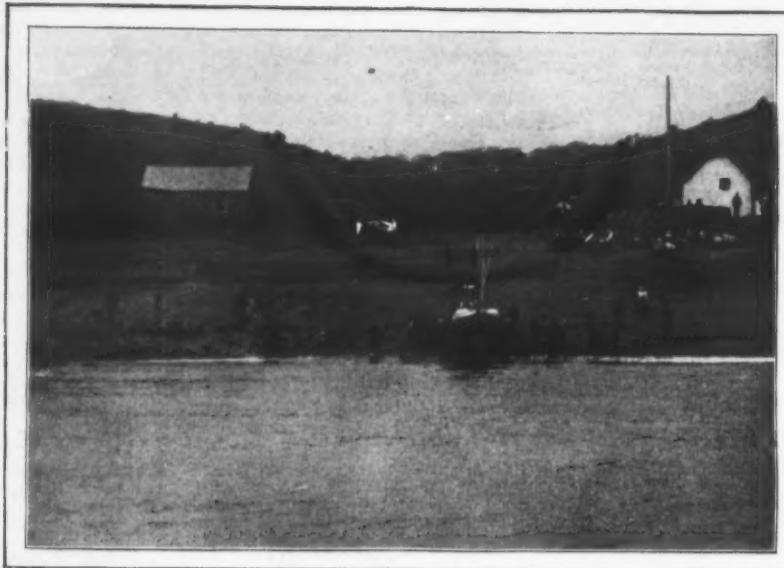
That Little Book

"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Company, New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

Wall Street—Money To Lend.

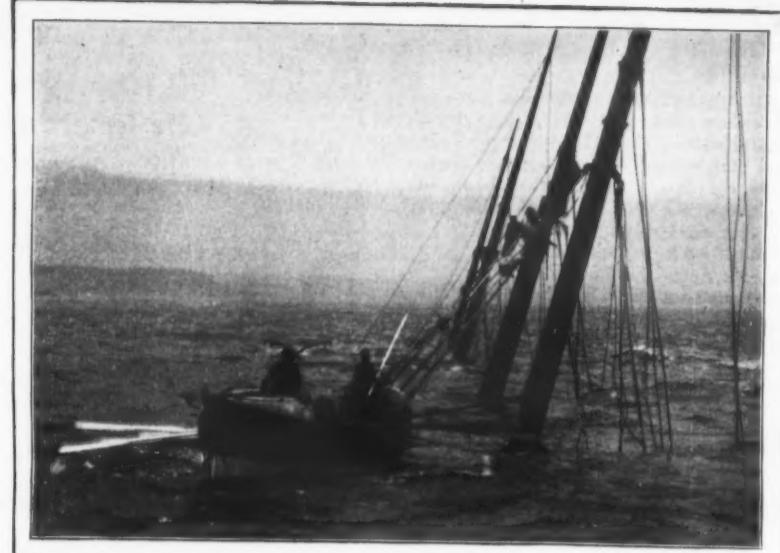
[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

EXPERIENCED financiers are not a little anxious over the peculiar condition of the money market. It is almost unprecedented that in the opening summer months, and amid general prosperity, money should suddenly become scarce, with a heavy advance in interest charges. If that is the condition now, what will it be early in the fall, when the customary demand from the West and South, for money to move the crops, is felt? An observant banker believes that the tightness in money is due, to some extent, to the extraordinary amounts of cash taken abroad by traveling Americans. This is enormous in the aggregate and every dollar of it has been taken from our banks to be paid out in other countries. It is as much lost to us, therefore, as if it were invested in South African mines.



THE LIFE-BOAT STARTING OUT.

From photographs by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company.



THE RESCUE FROM THE WRECK OF THE "MOHEGAN," OFF THE MANACLES.

Photographing a Rescue at Sea.

From the very nature of the case, scenes of actual rescue at sea are very rare. Our illustrations will therefore be appreciated because they give a view of the life-boat station near the Manacles, in the English Channel, at the very time the boats were putting off to the rescue of the passengers of the ill-fated *Mohegan*, sunk on the rocks at this point last fall, and also of one of the boats in the act of rescuing some of the passengers still clinging to the rigging. It will be remembered that two-thirds of the passengers and crew of the *Mohegan* were lost. The life-boats did good service, but the vessel went down so quickly that many could not be saved. On May 31st of the present year, the American line steamer *Paris* ran on the rocks. Fortunately this happened in calm weather and a quiet sea, and no lives were lost. The Manacles are considered the most dangerous rocks in the channel. They lie near the Lizard light, about twenty-five miles east of Land's End, England. The rocks themselves are only about three-quarters of a mile from the nearest shore, at Manacle Point, and all but one are covered at high water. They lie far out of the course of regular transatlantic vessels, and how either the *Mohegan* or the *Paris* came to be in this place is one of the things yet to be explained.

A Tragic Incident in Porto Rico.

THE tranquillity of affairs in Porto Rico was somewhat rudely shaken on the afternoon of June 27th, at Adjuntas, a small town fifteen miles northwest of Ponce, and not far from Guanica, where the first American troops landed. This is the most "Spanish" town on the island, and the centre of anti-American feeling. For some time hundreds of laborers have been working on the mountain roads near there, and had assembled for pay. One Cacido Rivera, a laborer, was unable, through a defect in the rolls, to establish his claim, and not understanding that he must wait an examination, pushed his way into the pay-room. The paymaster, Mr. Kerney, was guarded by a squad of soldiers of "I" Troop, Fifth Cavalry, and the sentry, Private Skipper, ejected the intruder. He again returned and was again ordered to leave, but drawing a knife, he made a savage slash at the trooper, inflicting a dangerous, if not fatal, wound in the neck. The unlucky trooper, whose forbearance culminated in the assault, sank to the floor, covered with blood. There was a sharp report and the native fell dead, pierced by a ball from the carbine of Corporal Botkin. The bullet passed through the body of the peon and struck Private Mowry in the hip, making a serious wound.

The laborers fled and excitement rose to fever heat, and the anti-American element at once incited the peons to attack the little band, which gallantly stood its ground, but cooler counsels prevailed. Telegrams went to San Juan and Ponce, and at seven o'clock the rattle of cavalry hoofs was heard and thirty troopers of "B," Fifth Cavalry, headed by Lieutenant Forsythe, son of the gallant General James and nephew of General George Forsythe, swung into view, coming down from Utuado. The natives suddenly became more friendly as the slouch hats came into line, and the friendliness, or rather neutrality, was still further increased a short time later when Lieutenant Cusack and twenty-five of "I" Troop, trotted into town from Ponce, coming in from the south. The streets were cleared at once and pay was resumed on June 28th. No further trouble was anticipated when the *Arcadia* sailed, bringing the news.

A Remarkable Procession at Jerusalem.

WE give herewith a view of the famous Mohammedan Neby Mousa procession, as seen in the Via Dolorosa of Jerusalem, April 26th. It



PRINCIPAL STREET OF ADJUNTAS, PORTO RICO, A SPANISH HOT-BED WHERE THE RECENT ANTI-AMERICAN RIOT BROKE OUT.



THE GREAT MOHAMMEDAN PROCESSION IN JERUSALEM.

refers to a yearly gathering of the Mohammedan villagers of Palestine and Jerusalem, which always occurs at the time of the Greek Easter, and is designed to be a counter demonstration to the Christian festivities, which draw thousands of Christian pilgrims to the Holy City, and is so arranged that there may be a large number of Mohammedans within reach in case of any attempt of the Christian pilgrims to take possession of any of the holy places of which the Turks are the political masters. The pilgrimage proceeds to Neby Mousa, the traditional grave of Moses, about four hours from Jerusalem, on the hills overlooking the Dead Sea.

When Fresh Buds Are Upon the Boughs.

Of all the days I love most these,
When fresh buds are upon the boughs,
When happy builders haunt the trees
And earth is tuneful with their vows.

Deep in the woods my way I take
To see how some shy woodlings fare,
Though all the gladdening meadows make
Sweet overtures to keep me there.

Titania's fairy following
Finds shadow here, but never gloom ;
The last brown leaf takes gladly wing
To give the new year's children room.

Here lichen goblets lift for dew,
And ferns uncurl and petals ope,
And where a bit of sky peeps through,
The blue hepatica takes hope.

The bugler thrush, at sunset's flood,
His silvery changes over rings -
And to this crown of greening wood
Is faithful as returning springs.

Here speech is bloom and speech is song,
And when Diana's bow is bent
In evening skies, a merry throng
Holds fete within the leafy tent.

The stars and moon look through the trees,
But learn no secrets of the wood -
The birds and fairies hold the keys
And keep their tryst with Robin Hood.

MARY A. MARSH.



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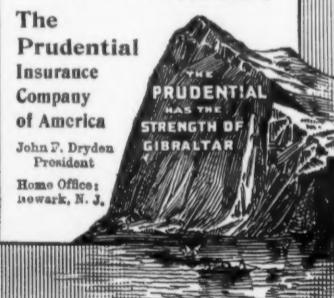
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"HANDS UP."

LOVERS on an evening sweet,
Close we walked along the street.
Hand in hand? No; we'd be caught,
So we worked this little plot:
One of hers and one of mine
In my pocket all the time
As we journeyed, not too fast,
In our courtship days, now past.

Wedded now—the best of wives—
Walk together all our lives.
Hand in hand? No; that's forgot.
Now she works this little plot:
Both of hers and none of mine
In my pocket all the time.
Money journeys much too fast
As our married days are passed.

—Judge.

If you lack appetite try wine-glass of Dr. Siegert's
Angostura Bitters before meals.

AT every exposition where the Sohmer pianos have
been brought into competition with others they have
invariably taken the first prize.

BEFORE or after each meal—Abbott's, the Original
Angostura Bitters, aids digestion; perfect assimilation
of food the result of using Abbott's, the Original An-
gostura.

THE standard for purity and excellence is attained
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quet excellent.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's SOOTH-
ING SYRUP should always be used for children teeth-
ing. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays
all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for
diarrhea.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS VIA PENNSYLVANIA
RAILROAD.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces
the following personally-conducted tours for the
summer and early autumn of 1899:

To the North, including Niagara Falls, Toronto,
Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec,
Roberval (Lake St. John), the Saguenay, Au
Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga,
and a daylight ride through the Highlands of the
Hudson, July 22d to August 7th. Rate, \$125.
August 12th to 25th, visiting same points as first
tour except Roberval and the Saguenay. Rate,
\$100 for the round trip, from New York, Philadelphia,
Baltimore, and Washington. Proportionate
rates from other points.

Five-day tour to Gettysburg, Luray, and Wash-
ington, September 16th. Rate, \$25 from New York,
\$22 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from
other points.

An eleven-day tour to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns,
Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Rich-
mond and Washington, October 19th. Rate, \$65
from New York, \$63 from Philadelphia. Proportionate
rates from other points.

For itineraries and further information apply to
ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant
General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

WEST SHORE'S NEW TIME-TABLE.

The annual summer time-table of the West Shore
Railroad went into effect Sunday, June 4th. There
are many new features shown in the schedule.

The "Continental Limited," the New York, Chicago
and St. Louis Limited, remain unchanged, mak-
ing the usual fast time through to Chicago and St.
Louis.

The Rip Van Winkle Flyer, Catskill Mountain Ex-
press, and the Catskill Mountain and Saratoga Lim-
ited are shown on the new schedule, and com-
menced running June 26th.

The principal feature of this year's Catskill Mount-
ain service will be the running of a Catskill Mount-
ain Sunday Special, which will leave New York at
10:00 A. M.

There are many improvements made in the local
service. All trains running in connection with the
Fitchburg Railroad on and after June 4th will run
via Rotterdam Junction, not via Albany, as hereto-
fore.

The fast national limited train, known as No. 19,
will run daily except Sunday.

Under the new time-table the station formerly
known as Schraalenburgh will be shown as Dumont
and Hampton Ferry is shown as Cedarciff.

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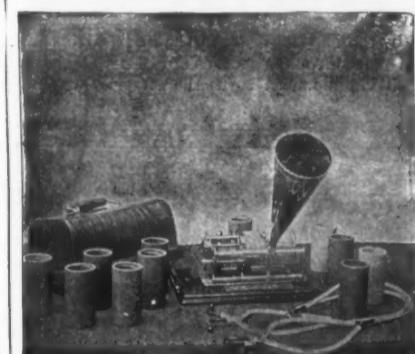
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If you don't know, we do. For list of alleged bucket shops, bankers
and brokers, send 10c to "On Change," 20 Broad St.,
New York. Special report on broker, \$2.00; collection a specialty.

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found the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a
similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
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no guess work, and instructions How to Build 70 Cottages,
Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city
suburbs, town and country houses for the farm,
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with specifications, form of contract, and a
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of buildings, selection of site, employment
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kind of a house you want and find out
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There is not one person in a hundred
that builds a house but that wishes, after it is too late,
that he had made some different arrangements
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dollars to have had it otherwise,
but it is too late.

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but that will tell you that
the reason of this is he starts to
build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large
imagination. About the time he has his building enclosed his imagination vanishes and his money
with them.

The value of this work to builders cannot be estimated, as it contains designs for just such houses
as they are called on to build every day in the week.

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Telegraphy Without Wires.

HOW SHALL WE TELEGRAPH IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?
— HOW WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY HAS BEEN GRADUALLY DEVELOPED UP TO MARCONI'S SUCCESS.

(Translated from the French by Helen A. Peabody.)

How shall we telegraph in the twentieth century? Will the systems now in use be abandoned, or simply perfected? Shall we retain the conducting wires of electricity, or will thought be transmitted without other intermediary than ether? It may be of interest to state that the most recent progress in telegraphy is distinguished by the return to the earliest age of the telegraph, before the existence of the wire.

Optical telegraphy, which our great military manoeuvres have made popular, the hand-heliograph for campaigns adopted by the English army in the Indias, transmit the signals to a distance through space, as did also Chappe's aerial telegraph when it announced to us the victories of Valmy. Electrical

bridge, where they were received by means of a very sensitive galvanometer, contrived by Bourbouze. The currents were transferred by oscillations to the right and to the left of the instrument's needle. Thus, as proved by the oscillations, were the elements of ordinary conversation transmitted without a conducting wire. Could one, from this experiment between the two bridges, deduce the law of transmission between any two points? In order to determine this it was necessary to experiment between two widely separated stations. A special mission was organized by the government of defense, which placed Monsieur d'Almeida at its head. The mission set out in a balloon, but it had not the time to finish its studies. The armistice was concluded, then peace, and the efforts to telegraph without wires ceased with the patriotic preoccupations which had given them birth.

But the question of telegraphy without wires was not to remain thus. Graham Bell, whose remarkable studies of the telephone are so well-known, made some interesting experiments in this same line. Some curious experiments were made at various

times which confirmed the possibility of telegraphing one day without special conductors. Efforts were made to transmit signals, not longitudinally, following the course of a river, up and down, as had been done in 1870, but between two opposite banks. Communication was established; it was only remarked that the current was deviated by the rapid waters. One can conceive of the importance which this kind of communication might have during a campaign, when two detachments are separated by a natural obstacle, such as the blowing-up of a bridge, for example. If it be possible to communicate through flowing water, why have we not thought of establishing relations between two ships, at a certain distance from each other, sailing on a tranquil sea, or even a tempestuous one—the superficial agitation of the waves not extending to a great depth? Nothing would be easier, if it only sufficed to widen by thought the results obtained, than to establish on each ship a receiving apparatus, identical in its rôle to the galvanometer installed by Bourbouze at the

Iéna Bridge, and to transmit the ordinary signals to it, from another ship in full sail, or at anchor, or from a light-house or an island. The receiving galvanometer would be simply augmented in this case by a strong condenser of electricity immersed at a certain depth receiving the fluid directly and communicating its impressions to the surface, and on the ship's bridge, or even in the commandant's cabin. Telegraphing between two banks of a river thus directly conducts us, as is seen, to telegraphy without wires, through the heavy waters of the sea.

The English natural philosopher, W. Preece, ought to do more still, and be the first to obtain precise results. With him, the dream begins to be effaced in order to give place to the tangible reality. In 1842, Henry observed that the opening of a bottle of Leyd in his laboratory had magnetic influence over the needles touched with loadstone, which were placed in a cellar of the building, ten metres beneath. In 1885, Preece took up these experiments, which he developed, and to which he succeeded in giving practical worth. We are not able to follow here the admirable theoretical researches which conducted Preece to results which we shall content ourselves with summing up. Suffice it to say that the English philosopher succeeded in telegraphing 1,800 metres distance the first time, and five or six kilometres the second time. It was in this way that he communicated without wires between the islands Flatholm and Steep Hohn, in the district of Bristol. He thus became convinced, and with reason, of the possibility of communication between France and England, or likewise between two islands separated by strong currents, or between semaphores and light-houses. Thus we have, as is easily seen, the telegraphy of the future, or at least its first steps.

Recently, the experiments of a very young Italian *savant*, Guglielmo Marconi, have attracted the attention of the scientific world. According to his declarations the problem proposed in 1870 by Bourbouze, and studied with such ardor by Preece, is almost solved. Soon, to-morrow even, it will be possible to telegraph, without any intermediary, between any two points. No more currents gliding over the wire, but simple vibrations, traversing like gigantic flashes, not only the atmosphere, but the water, the earth, all obstacles of whatever nature, and going forth to awaken the needles of a receiving galvanometer at the fixed point of arrival. It is no longer some hundreds or some thousands of metres which Signor Marconi's mysterious rays will travel over, but entire continents, oceans, proud chains of mountains! *Lux flat!* The vibrations will pass through war-ships on the sea. Two ships will no longer be able to pass one another without being warned by a ringing of bells submissive to the undulations sent and received in passing. Nothing would be simpler than to blow up the powder-magazine of a man-of-war at a distance, even without desiring it, alas! It would suffice that two nails or two neighboring plates in the powder-magazine should lend themselves to the formation of the inflammable electric spark.

Let us content ourselves at present with registering the fact that with a source of undulations one can act upon a receiving apparatus at a distance. Let us imagine Signor Marconi seated before his two apparatuses. On the right the manipulator acting as a producer of electricity, at the starting-point. On the left, at the station of arrival, the receiver charged to act upon the register which permits the reading of the "dispatch transmitted without a wire." Between the two apparatuses the "ether"

is interposed, through which travel the young *savant's* radiating electric vibrations at the pretty speed of 250 kilometres a second!

Are we in the domain of pure science, or are we in the domain of dreams? Are the promises of Marconi going to be realized? Are they realizable? A Hindu scholar, Dr. Bose, professor at the Presidency College of Calcutta, had already studied these wonderful radiations, which he had likened, with reason, to the undulations of the water in which a stone had been thrown; should these undulations meet with a cork in their passage they would make it dance. It is in this way that the electrical radiations will go forth and act upon the receiving instrument, without any other intermediary than ether. Without going so far in his conclusions as the Italian *savant*, Dr. Bose has made some interesting experiments. At twenty-five metres from a radiator, and behind three walls of brick and mortar, he installed a receiver which the undulations acted upon, notwithstanding the heavy obstacles which separated the two apparatuses. The radiator can also cause a bell to ring, fire a pistol-shot, or send a message. Through the atmosphere without obstacles, communications can be made at the distance of a mile.

The accompanying photographs illustrate the first really successful experiment on a large scale in wireless telegraphy. The plant herewith shown was installed by Signor Marconi, the brilliant young Italian *savant* who has perfected the invention, and his assistants, Messrs. Kemp and Bradfield.

They established communication between Wimereux, a small village near Boulogne, France, across the narrow part of the English Channel, and the South Foreland, in England, on the 27th of April, and have maintained it uninterruptedly amid storms and fogs. We show the tall mast at Wimereux, made of three parts and well braced in all directions, from the top of which, at a height of over 150 feet, a wire is suspended, which transmits the wave impactions through a window into a room where the sounds are recorded by the instruments as shown in the illustration. This simple wire at the top of the mast suffices for the exchange of signals across the channel, a distance of about thirty miles, to the South Foreland, where the sounds are transmitted by a wire suspended from another mast. The transmitting and receiving apparatus is simple and, as shown by the illustration, occupies very little room. The illustration shows Messrs. Kemp and Bradfield receiving a message from the South Foreland.

Marconi goes further in his enthusiasm. Neither distance, fog, metal, nor the earth frighten him. The day is, perhaps, then not far distant when the wire and the telegraph-pole will be banished. We will see them no more, those wires, which in our railway journeys incessantly rise and fall behind the windows of the car, striping the landscape, which they darken as would the great wings of a bird. Adieu also to the tall telegraph-poles, whose name serves nowadays in France as an ironical appellation for our modern telegraph employés. Henceforth the undulations, crossing the air with their invisible and speaking rays, will replace the wire and the pole. Beware, though, of indiscretions! How are they going to behave themselves, these thousands and thousands of dispatches crossing each other through the atmosphere, or through the ground?

We doubted the Röntgen rays when their oddities, or rather their wonders, came to surprise our thirst for progress, always awake and always unquenchable.

A Chinese Family Group.

OUR picture represents a scene familiar enough to the people of California towns and cities, but rare in other parts of the United States. It is a Chinese family of Marysville, California, the mother and her two little ones. As may be noted, they look as happy and contented as though no Chinese exclusion law existed to roll its troubles across any Celestial breast. It may be



THE MAST AT WIMEREUX, FRANCE, FROM WHICH MESSAGES ARE SENT.

was but one thought at the Hôtel de Ville, the seat of the government: to seek and to find some means of communication with the armies of the provinces. The balloons which had gone up, aided to a certain extent, but it was not the rapid telegraphy, the flashings over the wires which brought back the feverishly expected response at a fixed hour. Then it was that two natural philosophers, Bourbouze and Desains, conceived of an entirely new process, telegraphy without metallic conducting wires, the first manifestation of the telegraphy of the future.

Getting in a boat, Bourbouze and Desains went from the Iéna Bridge to the Austerlitz Bridge, observing and registering. An electric pile had been placed by them at the Austerlitz Bridge; it sent alternative currents through the river as far as the Iéna

added that if our importations from China had always been up to this standard it is probable that an exclusion law would never have been framed. For whatever vices and weaknesses may be ascribed to the Chinese character, it must be conceded that they are strong in the great and saving quality of domestic virtue. Ancestral worship is one of the features of religious life in China, a worship which doubtless has its effect in certain wholesome ways in the home circles of the people.

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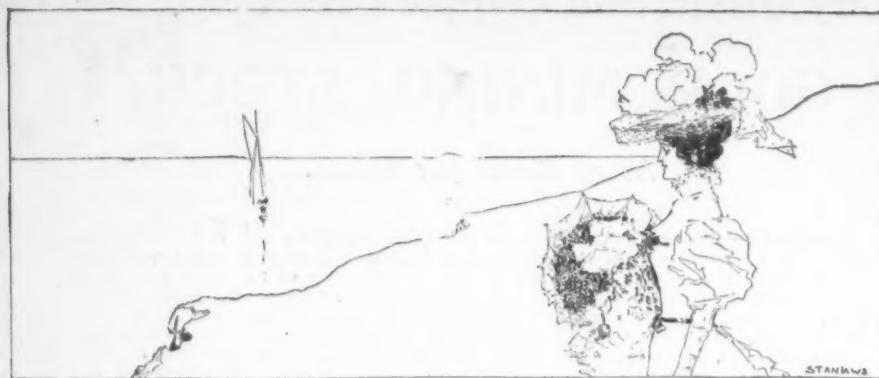
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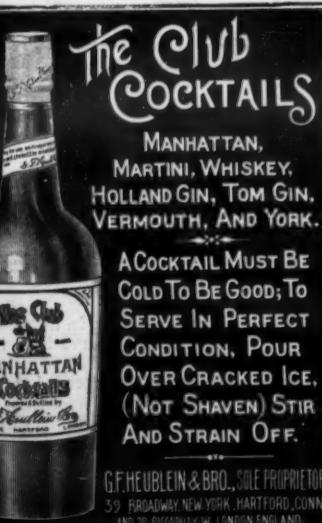
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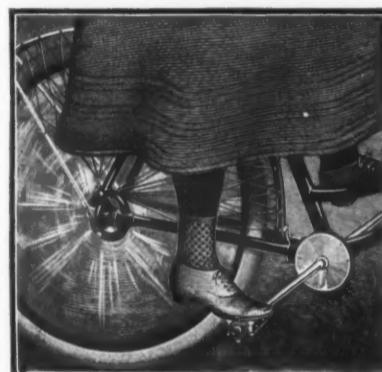
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